TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1780

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"You lucky girl! I wish I'd a brother home on leave. Why, these must have cost a fortune. Every single stitch worked by hand. I'd be terrified to wash such expensive undies."

"Nonsense, my child. They'll be as safe as houses if you wash them in Sylvan Flakes."

"Yes, but these soap flakes—aren't they very expensive?"

"Expensive? Why certainly not. With Sylvan Flakes you get half as much again for your money as you get with the usual expensive kinds."

"Well that certainly *is* a saving, but I find inexpensive flakes make woollens shrink and lose their shape. Are Sylvan Flakes safe with woollies, too?"

"You can trust your most precious woollies to Sylvan Flakes."

"But what about your hands? Isn't there soda in some soap flakes?"

"Not in Sylvan, darling. Judge for yourself. Look at my hands!"

SYLVAN FLAKES

USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

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In defence of Britain!

This Island Fortress faces the greatest menace in its history. Every man and woman is in the line of battle. Not a particle of our resources must be wasted. Not a working moment can be spared from war production.

Buy nothing for your personal pleasure or comfort, use no transport, call on no labour —unless urgent necessity compels. To be free with your money today is not a merit. It is contemptible. To watch every penny shows your will to win.

This money is needed to defend the fort. So redouble your saving. Lend every pound, every shilling, every penny to the Nation **now.**

Go to a Post Office or your Bank and put your money into Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, or National War Bonds; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

Join a Savings Group. Make others join with you. **Save regularly week by week.**

There is no time to lose. The need is **urgent.**

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 27, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

WE STAND ALONE —TO WIN

BRITAIN stands alone, undaunted and determined. Alone she wields her arms against the dark forces of dictatorship. And she will fight on until they are broken and crushed.

That is the answer to Hitler's contemptuous harangue that has so wrongly been described as a peace offer.

It was no offer, for it held no terms. It was a demand for surrender, cloaked in protestations of a hypocritical "friendship" that we have learned to assess at its true meaning.

Fight On!

We fight on—for the true peace that alone will lift Europe from misery and bring reassurance to the whole world.

We shall not seek allies. We do not need allies to defend our shores.

We shall not only repel every attempt at invasion, we shall carry the war at ever-increasing pitch into Germany itself, that already is scarred and torn by our bombs.

We Can Do It

Does Hitler think it beyond our powers? No, or else he would not have made yet "one more appeal to our reason."

An earnest student of history, he must remember that once before Britain stood alone against a hostile Europe—and won.

No Alliances

In the past, our diplomacy has been concerned with seeking alliances. Those alliances have become broken reeds.

Now we are done with alliances. This island, each of our Dominions, must look to its own defence.

This is our testing-time. By proving that we are strong enough to repel the Nazi hordes, we shall convince the world that we are deserving of support to the very limit.

Wise Move

That is why our agreement with Japan is sound. Temporarily, we must reserve our forces for the main task, not allow our purpose to be deflected by complications of less pressing moment.

We were wise not to appeal for the support of the United States or Soviet Russia against the opportunist warlords of Japan. We shall stand on our own feet, not cry out for crutches that we do not need.

Red Light If—

But let our friends abroad have no doubt of our intentions. We shall not sell the Far Eastern pass for fear of Hitlerism in the West.

There is a real hope that peace may now be restored in China, that Japan will be shrewd enough to realise the danger to herself if she sought to take advantage of the coming storm in Europe.

On to Victory

Now, with our hands free, we can concentrate our might against Hitlerism. By fighting alone we shall restore our prestige. By exerting every muscle we shall achieve victory—the greatest victory in all the history of mankind.

Precious Lull

Meanwhile, we are grateful to Hitler. Not for his hollow "peace offer," but for its preparation, which gave us valuable time to overhaul our defences and plot our military dispositions.

Among the changes we have made—more important than Hitler's verbosity—is the excellent appointment of Lord Gort as Inspector-General of the Forces. At last, as supervisor of our new armies' training, this fine soldier has the job for which he is supremely fitted.

And quiet-spoken, greying-haired Alan Brooke, the hero of Dunkirk and mechanised war specialist, who has General Dill's complete confidence, brings to his new task as G.O.C. Home Forces a lifetime of distinguished service.

Go-Slow Farmers

Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, is working hard. His work would be more effective if it were less cautious.

Of three thousand farmers in Northamptonshire, only eighty-eight have answered his enquiry about whether they need more labour, only twenty-six say they can do with more harvest help.

Make your own decisions, Mr. Hudson. Make go-slow farmers carry them out or get out!

The Derelict Farmers

Rich land is left to weeds and marsh-water. Villagers write sadly to JOHN BULL about derelict farms that could be made to pay. It doesn't make us sad. It makes us mad.

Mr. Hudson has authority to revolutionise the land. He has power to double our crops by drastic State control of all agriculture. Does fear of the National Farmers' Union palsy his hands?

Greater fear of public opinion should drive him to prompt action.

Bevin Thwarted!

Mr. Bevin is clearly the best Labour Minister we have had. No doubt of his vigour! But are red-taped officials thwarting his plans?

Hundreds of thousands of people are wholly unemployed. Millions of women are eager to help, but are ignored by employers and snubbed by employment exchanges.

Mr. Bevin has issued many compulsory orders. We want some more. He can't be too ruthless in mobilising all Britain for war.

Muzzle-Ministers

Other Ministers seem eager to use the lull to clamp down our proud Freedom of the Press. Let them remember that the newspapers that put them into power can help to remove them.

JOHN BULL **believes that the present Government is good—very good indeed. But every Government can be made better by balanced criticism.**

To this Government JOHN BULL says:

Use the lull not only to improve the nation's defences, **BUT ALSO TO ATTACK!**

Taking Offensive

Fairness compels us to admit that Britain is already taking the offensive in ways that cannot yet be made public. As well as these daring, secret attacks, there is the fine work of R.A.F. bombers.

But there is a weak link in the Axis chain that should be struck now. Italy!

Berlin is so afraid of the Italians "ratting" that Nazi broadcasts in Italian try to inspire confidence by stating that Britain is on the brink of revolution, that between 5,000 and 10,000 Britons are clapped into jail every day, that for the past fortnight we have been living on horseflesh, that barricades have been erected in every London street.

Dread Air Raids

Italians live in dread of British air raids. They should get them!

Turkish friends are disappointed that the might of the British Navy has not been launched against the Dodecanese islands, Italians' strongholds so near to the British naval bases of Alexandria and Cyprus.

The Turks should see their dream come true.

(Continued overleaf)

AND HERE ARE SOME HIGH SPOTS

● Pétain fears revolt against his Government. Hence his wish to obtain Nazi protection by removing to Versailles.

* * *

● *Admiral Raeder is so short of U-boat crews that he's recalling last war veterans who have been pensioned for twenty years.*

* * *

● Nightly bombing by R.A.F. is responsible for short-time working in German naval shipyards.

● **Fear growing in Berlin that, just as Anglo-French front was broken by crushing of the weaker partner, so Axis will snap if attack is launched against Italy.**

* * *

● *Whole communities are being moved from the Ruhr to Czechoslovakia for land work until their nerves are restored.*

* * *

● Swiss do not doubt Britain's eventual victory, carry on pro-British propaganda despite Berlin's protests, for they reckon that Hitler would lose nearly a million men if he vented his spleen by invading their country.

AIR RAIDS!

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT HELP

£200 MORE PAID

Following our recent announcement of the payment of £200 to the dependants of two readers in North-West England who were killed during an air raid, two further payments of £100 each have been made this week under our

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

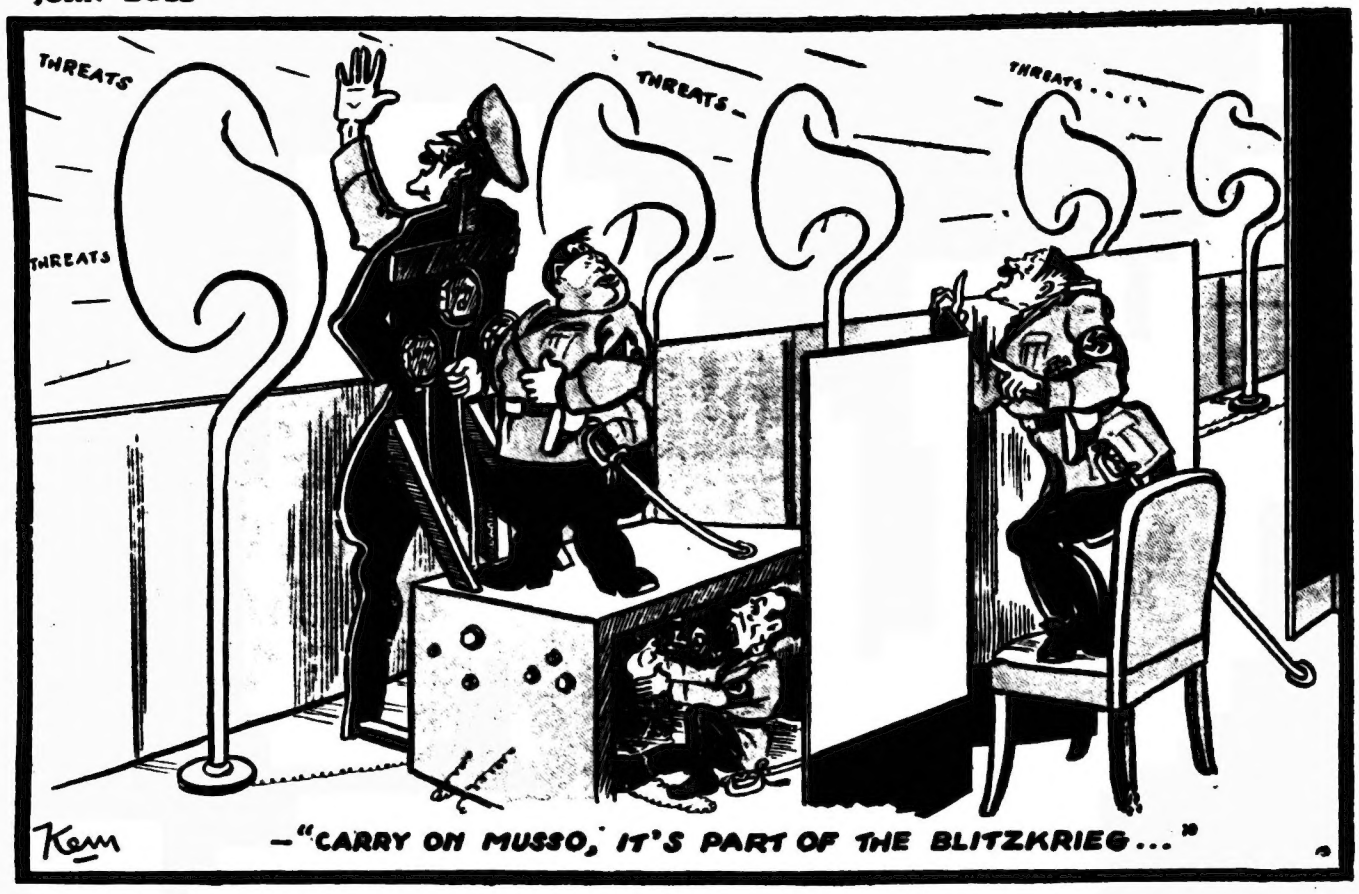
UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S,
which "John Bull" offers to every reader.

A cheque for £100 has been sent to the widow of Mr. Ernest Robert Silom, who was killed during a raid on East Anglia. Another £100 cheque has gone to the widow of Mr. Albert Charles, a postman, who was killed whilst on his rounds during a daylight raid on the South-East Coast.

This vital war time protection would normally cost 4 guineas a year in premiums. "John Bull" offers it to you free.

So Act NOW!

Registered readers automatically qualify for these benefits without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newsagent. Readers who have not registered can use registration forms from past issues or obtain them on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



FOOD MINISTRY'S VERY BAD EGGS

PENALISED BY LAGGARDS

MEDICAL BOARD'S CARELESS CRUELTY

R.A.F. BILKS LANDLADIES

THEY'RE LETTING MR. BEVIN DOWN

(Continued from previous page)

Bad taste left by the egg muddle should cure the Government's liking for half-baked measures.

Maximum retail prices for eggs were adjusted, but not wholesale prices. Nor is it any use controlling wholesale prices unless feeding-stuffs are similarly controlled.

Feeding-stuffs are dearer by 100 per cent. So egg producers, though now making a profit, cannot be accused of profiteering.

"Astute" Buying

Caterers, buying eggs direct from the producers, manage to make 2d. profit on every poached egg. But many grocers found they were expected to pay wholesalers the maximum retail price and actually to sell eggs at a loss.

They refused to buy. That's one reason for the shortage.

On the other hand, some shops were astute enough to buy supplies and keep them until the price rose.

"Sold Out" Greeting

One old woman, after tramping miles in a vain search for eggs, eventually found a shop whose owner made the usual excuse of "Sold out."

When she saw a box full under the counter she insisted on being served. As she left, the box was taken to an inner room to await the price increase.

That happened in scores of districts.

But the scandal may do some good if it prompts Whitehall to revise the whole price control system and reorganise distribution.

Impatient Wives

Fruit has increased in price by as much as 6d. a pound. Excuse that jam firms have bought most of the supplies, causing a retail shortage, won't stand investigation.

Truth is that profiteering is rampant. Yet Lord Woolton assured us that profiteering wouldn't be allowed.

We give him a friendly tip that housewives are impatient.

Victims of Laggards

Not his fault, though, that many towns are not supplying free or very cheap milk to poor mothers and infants.

He and the women and babies are victims of lazy local authorities. Warning that these laggards will lose their jobs unless they administer the scheme would be backed by public opinion.

Order is Needed

Thousands of fields have not yet been made proof against enemy aircraft landings.

Government asks landowners to co-operate.

Many do; some refuse.

Here, again, an order, not appeal, is wanted.

Well, Why Not?

Even the new Budget won't find all the money that Sir Kingsley Wood will want during the next few months. So he should be interested in this suggestion from a reader:—

As the Unemployment Fund has a big surplus, suspend the unemployment insurance contributions for six months, buy war savings stamps instead, issue the savings books to the employees and make a credit entry on the insurance cards.

Why not?

Wild Ratepayers

If Ealing ratepayers aren't wild with rage, they're a lot tamer than any Briton should be.

By cramming their dustbins with "waste" to help the war effort, they've enabled their council to make a salvage profit of £855. Of that sum, £427 is being given to the dustmen!

Ealing soldiers, drawing 2s. a day, must be wondering whether they're fighting to enrich dustmen.

Navy's "Reserves"

Still in "civvies" are men who registered for military service last year. Nearly all are those who were accepted for the Navy or for specialist jobs in Army or Air Force, and for whom vacancies do not yet exist.

Some are so impatient that they would now like to join the infantry. Officialdom disagrees. Rightly, otherwise the men's skill and experience would be wasted and the Navy find itself without adequate reserves.

But why not call them up for preliminary training—even if they have to be released after a few months for return to civil jobs until their services can be fully used?

Tragedy of a Word

Medical Board routine still needs improvement. One youth, rejected for epilepsy, found his military exemption paper marked with the nature of his disease.

His employer promptly fired him. Other employers turn him down; civil defence services won't have him.

For him, one word means tragedy, poverty, resentment.

Also One-eyed

By contrast, a man with eight years' Army service has been called up with his age group and passed into the second grade by the doctors. So he'll soon be in khaki again.

Yet he had been discharged from the Army reserve because an accident robbed him of one eye, impaired the other eye, and made it impossible for him to close one hand!

Maybe the doctors who examined him were also one-eyed.

Making 'Em Pay

Some cinemas and sports meetings offer reduced prices to Servicemen in uniform. But not often enough is this privilege available in towns where Servicemen are quartered in thousands.

Much better if the whole entertainment industry created a standard half-rate charge for patrons in uniform.

Judging by the response to JOHN BULL'S announcement last week of half-price competitions for the Forces, the men in khaki and blue are really grateful for entertainment at a price they can afford.

Paymasters' Lapse

Worth Sir Archibald Sinclair's immediate attention is the lapse of his Air Ministry paymasters.

Surrey villagers who have had R.A.F. men billeted on them for five weeks haven't yet received a penny by way of payment, cannot pay their grocery bills, are even having to keep their children short of food.

If they fail to get satisfaction within the next few days, we wish them to write us again. We'll see that someone is roasted.

This is a Scandal!

Only just reported to JOHN BULL, but not too late for criticism, is news that Channel Island refugees were kept in a boat off Weymouth for fourteen hours by shore authorities.

Food ran short before they were allowed to land; as a result, it is alleged, a life was lost.

Following other evacuation muddles, this report should be raised in the House.

Volunteer Snubbed

Mr. Bevin must be careful that his plans are not spoiled by junior officials. Answering the radio appeal, one chauffeur-mechanic of long experience called at his employment exchange to volunteer for aircraft work.

He was told that he didn't stand a chance, that men with ten years' garage experience were similarly unsuitable, and that anyhow the exchange had received no demands from aircraft factories for extra labour.

We fancy that Mr. Bevin will be as depressed as ourselves.

Red Tape—1940 Design

A major, now an L.D.V. platoon commander, stopped a suspicious-looking tramp who had no identity card.

Police declared that they could not detain the man while arrangements were made to provide him with a card.

So he's moved off to another district, and will probably cause further trouble there.

We sympathise with the major, who'll remember that we've previously attacked the stupidity of divided authority.

Can't Find Stations

Best news we have had this week is a complaint from a railway engine-driver. Black-out is so effective that he finds it hard to find village stations in time to stop at them!

But wardens in some towns, including Southampton, tell us they are not getting sufficient co-operation from the police in stopping black-out chinks.

Unofficial Secret

That hint should be sufficient. So should this:—

A man was charged with theft from a London factory where components are made for mines. Was it necessary to divulge the full address of the factory, and thus provide useful information to any spy who happened to be interested?

Tell it to "John Bull"

No doubt you could add to this page of suggestions. Many of you, answering Sir Wyndham Childs' request, are sending to JOHN BULL invaluable pointers to gaps in Britain's war net.

All such letters are being instantly brought to the personal attention of the Ministers concerned.

JOHN BULL does not believe it to be in the public interest that publicity is given to every example of slackness in arms factories, waste of material, and the like.

Such matters can more usefully be handled by direct approach to the Government.

In that way the humblest citizen can make his influence felt, his wishes translated into action.

So let us have your letters!

All in Favour

Forgive us for a further illustration of this journal's contribution to Britain's cause. A reader tells us that "in Amsterdam, U.S.A., reside about 5,000 people of British birth.

"Yesterday there were still 2,463 waiting to read the last issue of JOHN BULL that had reached me; the rest ask me to send you their congratulations on your 'Straight Talk to U.S.A.' article.

"People here are 99.5 per cent. pro-Ally."

Well, we'll try to make it 100 per cent.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

NO GESTAPO HERE!

AMONG the ordinary people of these islands there is neither alarm nor despondency, but only a dogged resolve—a "bull-dogged" resolve—to smash "Hitlerism."

For this, in Mr. Churchill's proud words, is "a people's war," and we are fighting, above all else, for freedom.

JOHN BULL therefore views not with despondency but with genuine indignation a growing tendency among some of our leaders to despise the public, to curb free speech, and to curtail even those liberties which we still possess.

Many Members of Parliament share our disgust. So do all other responsible newspapers. And so does a multitude of plain men and women, growing resentful of restrictions and penalties imposed upon them for which they can see no proper justification.

THE FACT IS THAT THE COUNTRY IS AFRAID OF ITS OWN "FASCISTS." AND IT WILL BROOK NO GESTAPO HERE.

Actually—and we say this with a full realisation of our responsibility—we are already living under the moon-shadow of a pale Gestapo substitute.

Of recent days we have seen many otherwise blameless citizens fined or imprisoned—not for treachery, but for the mere expression of ill-considered opinions.

Magistrates without understanding have passed outrageous sentences upon people who have done nothing worse than say what journalists, military experts, politicians and even Cabinet Ministers have said before them.

"Chatterbugs" must be controlled—we don't deny this—but no "chatter" can be so dangerous as the increasing fear among the public that it isn't safe to discuss the war at all.

There *is* that fear to-day. How can it be avoided when we read that an old fellow of over seventy has been sent to prison for saying foolishly that the Swastika would soon be flying over the Houses of Parliament?

Or that another man, with twenty-four years' good service in the Territorials, has been fined £24 for remarking that Hitler could raid this country with tank-carrying aeroplanes?

And these are only two cases out of scores. The "heresy hunt" is in full cry. Meddlers, busybodies and all sorts of zealous fools are being encouraged to turn informers.

In some districts the magistrates seem to have lost all sense of proportion. It has become—in plain fact—dangerous to express any opinion about the war in public.

Speech has ceased to be free. And when the freedom of speech dies, the freedom of the Press is bound to sicken.

We don't advise our readers to listen to "Lord Haw Haw," not because we doubt their intelligence or distrust their patriotism, but because it is a pity to waste time on his contemptible propaganda.

BUT even "Haw Haw" knows the value of a half-truth to support a wickedly false suggestion.

And he was able to use a half-truth the other day when he suggested that we, who are fighting dictatorship to the death, are already living under one of our own making.

In essence this was an infamous lie, but there is no gainsaying the fact that it is far easier to surrender liberties than to regain them.

And we have surrendered—deliberately and cheerfully—many of our most cherished liberties for the duration of the war.

We don't resent this necessary sacrifice, but we must keep jealous watch upon all the freedom that is left to us, nor yield another inch of it except to the imperious necessities of the war itself.

Sir John Anderson doesn't seem to realise this. He *seems* to think that the House of Commons and the public should both be prepared to do exactly what he chooses.

Now Sir John was a good Civil Servant before he became Home Secretary. In Ireland, years ago, he used to be called "Pompo" Anderson, because, we suppose, there was something pompous in his manner.

No doubt Sir John has rendered useful service.

But we are not prepared to be led by the nose either by Sir John Anderson or any of his colleagues. And we don't intend tamely to submit to their *uncontrolled* authority.

Parliament won't submit to that either. Thank God for a free House of Commons! It *would* not be rushed into passing "Pompo" Anderson's new Emergency Powers Bill in a single session, as he had hoped.

JOHN BULL does not challenge the essential purposes of this latest legislation in restraint of normal liberties. It admits that, if this country should become a battlefield, a kind of martial law may become necessary.

But we are devoutly thankful that Sir John was not allowed to rush these new and drastic powers through Parliament without full debate and the guarantee of proper control.

And we say that he was failing in tact and in understanding of the country even to make the attempt. He should, as a responsible statesman, have anticipated the storm of criticism which his first proposals aroused.

HOW OFTEN HAVE WE URGED THE GOVERNMENT IN THIS PAPER TO "TRUST THE PEOPLE"? AND HOW OFTEN MUST WE CONTINUE TO ASSURE OUR LEADERS THAT THE BRITISH PEOPLE ARE UTTERLY WORTHY OF THEIR TRUST?

We now take Mr. Duff Cooper to task because, as Minister of Information, he seems inclined to distrust the Press, which is, in effect, nothing but the voice of the people itself.

Duff Cooper took over a Ministry which had behind it nothing but a dismal record of ineptitude and futility. He was something of a journalist himself—a rarity in that queer muster of officials and ill-assorted "experts" upon everything but *news*—and, to begin with, he "put over" some stirring broadcasts.

But JOHN BULL now fears that Mr. Duff Cooper is getting "too big for his boots."

He is definitely advocating an extension of the censorship. He seems to forget that his Ministry was created for two purposes and two purposes only—to give the public as much information as it possibly can without helping the enemy, and to disseminate the most vigorous propaganda in the Empire and abroad.

WE will not tolerate a Gestapo in Great Britain. We hold with Ernest Bevin that "there are no Fifth Columnists among the working classes."

If there must be heresy hunts and control of free speech, let these begin higher up.

SOME FEW INFLUENTIAL MEN AND WOMEN OF KNOWN FASCIST OR PRO-GERMAN TENDENCIES HAVE AT LAST BEEN ROUNDED UP. BUT THERE ARE SCORES OF OTHERS, FAR MORE SUSPECT THAN ANY LITTLE "CHATTERBUGS," WHO ARE STILL AT LARGE.

JOHN BULL doesn't object to the publicity which advocates "The Silent Column" of citizens who mind their own business, but it strenuously opposes the underlying idea of the "Silenced Columnists."

We, at all events, intend to say what we think "without fear or favour" until the law itself—which God forbid!—shall gag us.

We demand more news, not less. We resent the meagreness of "official communiques" from Africa which tell us nothing of what is really happening.

We hold that it is sheer folly to deny the public the truth about air raid casualties. We believe that alarm and despondency are fostered far more by official suppressions than by frank statements of all facts not calculated to help the enemy.

In fact, *we* trust the public. And we *know* that "a people's war" cannot be waged with maximum effectiveness unless the people and its leaders are welded together in mutual confidence.

Sir John Anderson was a good Civil Servant before he became Home Secretary. In Ireland years ago he used to be called "Pompo" Anderson because he was pompous. He still is

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Your City of Refuge

IN ancient days there were a number of places known as "Cities of Refuge." No matter what you had done, no matter what anyone wanted to do to you, if you could reach one of these you were safe for as long as you remained within its walls.

If, to-day, you would like a City of Refuge to which to flee; if you are finding the world and its burdens too much for you, take comfort from ancient truth.

"The Mind," said an old philosopher 2,000 years ago, "is a very citadel, for a man has no fortress more impregnable wherein to find refuge and be untaken for ever.

"He, indeed, who hath not seen this is ignorant, but he that hath seen it and takes no refuge therein is luckless."

Another sage who lived about the same time said: "The mind is the master over every kind of fortune: itself acts in both ways, being the cause of its own happiness and its own misery."

Our own poet, John Milton, knew it. He wrote:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Do you see what it means? And if you do see, do you ever try to put what it means into practice?

What is your mind to you—a City of Refuge or a concentration camp?

It can be either, as you wish: but you have to do the wishing.

This is a case where no one can help you. You've got to do it all yourself.

It's not a question of bravery or courage. It's not a question of strength of mind or of being unimaginative. It's a case of realising and really believing that your mind is a City of Refuge, into which no one and nothing can enter unless you allow it.

Natural enough in times of stress and trouble to seek comfort from others. You may get it; but it will not compensate for the lack of your own quiet mind.

You have within yourself the means to achieve spiritual peace. They exist nowhere else.

Truth About the Fifth Column

"It can't happen here," people said when told that European countries, falling to the Nazi invaders, had been poisoned by intrigue before they had been struck down by violence. But this survey shows that "it might have happened here"; indicates that we must watch closely for Fifth Columnists

"JOHN BULL'S" survey of all the available evidence of Fifth Column activities in the garrison of Britain is no attempt to emphasise unduly the presence of "this malignancy in our midst," but it shows that Hitler had every hope of using his other weapon in this country as he did in the countries that fell to his intrigue before the rot was discovered.

Warning the nation against persons who unconsciously play the game of the Fifth Column, Mr. C. R. Attlee denounced the jitterbugs, the chatterbugs and the fritterbugs.

He emphasised that the fall of France was caused by the "destruction of the unity, confidence and morale of the people . . the paralysis of its will-power at the critical time."

But he didn't say that British Fifth Columnists, whether they are conscious of it or not, were gradually evaporating in the withering glare of authority.

From the high-born gentleman whose world-weary defeatism made him a Public Enemy, to the farmer with the deplorable habit of entertaining his guests by wearing a garland of swastikas as he danced on a Union Jack, the traitors are no longer at liberty to sow their seeds of discontent.

Yet people still wonder about the Fifth Columnists who may be hidden even now in our midst.

It is no use merely saying that "it can't happen here." JOHN BULL'S investigators have revealed that "it might have happened here" had not authority been forewarned.

You have only to read the records of the work accomplished by Scotland Yard's special detectives during the last few months to realise that in their quiet, unassuming way these official sleuths have been ridding our garrison of many noxious growths.

THE mere fact that twelve young detectives were promoted sergeants overnight, thus creating a record, shows that the Government was eager to demonstrate its appreciation of their work in pursuing traitors.

It might seem that they have not accomplished anything spectacular. Beyond revealing the names of a few prominent people caught in their net, drawing attention to chalk signs on street walls, black-out irregularities and insignia carved on telegraph poles, they have not made any grandiloquent statements that would lead us to believe there are spies in our midst.

Yet the fine-tooth comb they have dragged across the nation has provided a far better catch than any spectacular raid. It has calmly revealed big men and little men among the Fifth Columnists, given officials a cross-section of this despicable intrigue, allowed the police to get a really firm grip on the underhand movement that might have put Britain in that groggy condition that is so essential before German troops can do their worst.

They have revealed that the Fifth Columnist is a breed with many variations.

From the obvious German sympathisers who are now serving terms of imprisonment for doing the work of enemy agents in this country to the malicious rumour-mongers, we have seen the traitors publicly indicted.

But not all the names of those detained under the Government's Defence Regulation 18B have been published.

A JOHN BULL man was told by a responsible official that more than a thousand British subjects, many of them prominent people, have lost their liberty.

Stories of the secret agents already apprehended lack much of the colour but none of the personalities that usually appear in the very best Secret Service stories.

OFFICIAL records already include the wealthy old woman whose naive questions to the young officers in her house-parties have inevitably caused suspicions.

The girl with the faked identity card seeking to be secretary to an important man's wife; the men wearing important uniforms to which they were not entitled; the sinister, unscrupulous small fry of the underworld who would sell any man's country for a price.

They all fell into the official net without incident. To the novelists they are of great moment; to the police they are too easily caught to cause headaches.

The Secret Service still wages its war on the Secret Agent. And it can be left to handle the discontents, the treacherous and the mercenary.

But these alone do not form the Fifth Column.

The others are more vicious, employing under cover of patriotism their treacherous stratagems.

They are the rumour-mongers, the tale-bearers, the defeatists, the maladjusted; ambitious, unscrupulous, not gifted yet, but disturbed by a gnawing sense of vanity and a sense of grievance.

They think that under any other system their talents might be recognised.

You will find them in any extremist organisation, whether it be Right or Left Wing. They are the vicious Fifth Columnists.

Then there are the weary, impatient defeatists.

While discussing something that had little to do with the war, a responsible Civil Servant quite casually told a JOHN BULL reporter, "It's a pity Hitler won't listen to reason. Then all this trouble of parting with children would finish."

His tired eyes, his care-worn, lined features, showed signs of his defeatism. If things went wrong this man would be a Leopold, wishing only for peace whatever the cost. He hasn't even the energy to imagine what would happen if the black-hearts took over this last bastion of European freedom.

Doctors consulted by JOHN BULL say they often find these middle-aged defeatists among their patients.

World-weary, tired of the competition of modern life even in peace-time, they cannot bear to see the material foundations of their lives shifting dangerously.

Even a peer of the realm has exclaimed that "Hitler is no enemy of democratic principles."

Wearing peasant clogs and carrying a bundle of clothes, this girl posed as a Belgian refugee when she arrived in the fortified port of Dunkerque, sea anchor of the Little Maginot Line. But within two days she was arrested as a Fifth Columnist, found guilty at a trial in Dunkerque Fort. She is seen leaving the steel door of the fort under armed escort. Five minutes after this photograph was taken these French Marines carried out the court's sentence of death

Although there are still many men in responsible positions who in pre-war days openly declared their friendship with the Nazi party, attended German Embassy functions and flocked to the tables in famous West End restaurants where Nazi diplomats kept "open house," the Government spokesmen claim that everything possible is being done to stop Fifth Column activities in this country.

Certainly the defence forces, both military and civilian, have taken every precaution against false instructions being circulated by enemy agents.

Signs and countersigns, checks and counterchecks, passes and codes and hosts of intricate controls now ensure that fake instructions will be given no credence. Unauthorised persons will not even be allowed to smell the barbed wire guarding vital centres.

Yet there are still people with an intimate knowledge of Fifth Column work who are dissatisfied with the Government's precautions.

One of them, Mr. Garro-Jones, M.P. for Aberdeen North, has frequently called the attention of the House of Commons to Fifth Column dangers.

"Fifth Column activities in this country," he told JOHN BULL, "must in essence be secret, and no one can gauge with any certainty their ramifications.

"Although I agree that there are fewer traitors in this country than in others, I do not consider that enough is being done to prevent their activities."

MR. GARRO-JONES fears such Fifth Column activity as communication with the enemy by undetected radio transmission sets; rumour-spreading to demoralise the people; penetration in a few cases of Fifth Column agents into our intelligence and counter-espionage departments; and transmitting apparently innocent telegrams to neutral countries.

"Of course," added Mr. Garro-Jones, "we must beware of making the fear of Fifth Column activities itself a demoralising factor. If people think this is a peril of great magnitude, it would be most disturbing.

"I want to make it quite clear that I do not consider that it has yet developed to a grave extent, but the problem demands greater alertness and vigour on the part of officials."

Mr. Noel-Baker, M.P., who recently revealed that a German translator employed for some years by the B.B.C. was formerly a Storm Trooper, said to a JOHN BULL man: "I am not satisfied with the precautions being taken against the Fifth Column in this country."

IT is the view of other authorities, among them Mr. Ronald Kidd, of the National Council for Civil Liberties, that the Government is looking for Fifth Columnists in the wrong places.

"Do we realise," asks Mr. Kidd, "that Parliamentary and titled people, formerly honoured guests at the German Embassy—forty-one peers and sixty-two M.P.s—are still in Parliament?

"Before the secret debate in the House of Lords, Lord Marley suggested that there were known Fifth Columnists and pro-Nazis in the House, and he begged that they should be excluded from the Secret Debate.

"There were peers and Army officers still attending pro-Fascist meetings, even as recently as the middle of last week. While the British Union of Fascists had been immobilised, we have had no information to suggest that the Imperial Fascist League, even more extreme and anti-Semitic than the B.U.F. and the Link, is not still functioning."

Another problem is the emergence of forbidden movements under different names. In one town a "Secret Society," created to investigate alleged Fifth Column activities, was itself suppressed by the police.

Well, those are some of the facts about Fifth Column activities in this country.

There is no need to be unduly perturbed by them, but they will make you realise how easy it is to help the Fifth Columnist quite unconsciously.

They will also make you realise how wrong it is to punish men severely for making foolish remarks when there are more vicious sinners yet to be penalised.

But there is no need now to warn you about letting them get away with anything at this stage in our great fight.

OPEN LETTERS

What About All the Wasted Iron?

★

Still Muddle in Army Pay Offices

★

Mr. Bevin Slashes Red Tape Festoons

★

Putting a Premium on Their Patriotism

★

Mr. JOSEPH CURRAN,
President, National Maritime Union, U.S.A.

DEAR MR. CURRAN,—British people are really touched by your union's offer to man a ship, without wages, to take some of our children to the safety of your country.

Not that we've ever doubted the sympathy and generosity of American workers. But we're glad to have fresh proof that our real friends are always willing to help in a crisis.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—My barrage of criticism will continue until you sack the muddlers in Army pay and records offices.

One woman whose allowance has been stopped—apparently because her husband is believed to be a prisoner of war—is absolutely penniless.

The Unemployment Assistance Board, rightly refusing to shoulder War Office responsibilities, suggests that she should live on her father—a disabled pensioner of the last war!

A soldier tradesman, promoted six months ago, cannot get extra pay for either his trade proficiency or his "stripe," draws only 2s. a day.

These are but two examples of many in my week's postbag. I shall publish some more next week—unless you take immediate steps to check the miserliness of your financial hagglers.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Go on cutting the festoons of red tape that strangle our desires to serve Britain!

A young electrician, on the "dole," cannot join the Army or A.R.P. because he is in a reserved occupation. He cannot train at a Government centre because he hasn't been unemployed long enough.

War factories tell him that ex-Servicemen are preferred. He is one of thousands.

A woman, registered at the employment exchange since last September, can find no trace of the war work for which "a million women" are supposed to be wanted. Nor can tens of thousands more.

You are steadily decreasing the number of these anomalies.

Let nothing stand in your way!—JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Rushden, Northants

GENTLEMEN,—The pensioned police sergeant, engaged to safeguard your offices, is dressed in green cloth with red facings, cuffs trimmed with silver braid, black belt and silver buttons.

A stupid extravagance. Yet I suppose you think that any parachutist who landed in Rushden would be so awed by his magnificence that he'd swoon before firing a shot.—JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY L. FRENCH,
Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR HENRY,—Please stop your officials playing ring-a-roses.

A reader with a surplus fruit crop offered it to the local food officer. He advised her to write to a women's organisation. She was then referred back to the food officer.

The fruit will rot before she gets a helpful answer. —JOHN BULL.

To HERR HITLER

You've ravaged your neighbours on the pretext of saving them from imaginary perils. You've gagged, bound and persecuted your own countrymen, enslaved all others who rejected your idea of serfdom.

Now, once again, you have spoken vaguely of peace and as usual you speak at the point of the sword.

You can have peace to-morrow by giving back freedom and liberty to those from whom you have stolen it by force.

You can make a peace gesture to the world by withdrawing your armies from the countries they have conquered and ravaged.

And you can offer a programme of disarmament—a real one, not a sham one.

But your idea of peace is a dictated peace, and based on the theory that your will must prevail. You have set yourself up as a graven image before which you expect the rest of the world to bow down and worship.

Your mixture of threats and cooing leaves us unmoved. When you act for peace on the lines we suggest instead of talking peace to a nation which will always resist your dream of domination, the clouds of distrust which surround you may begin to roll away.

Mrs. CHARD,
Ealing Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—Typical is the case you heard of an eleven-year-old boy who got into mischief because his school had been closed for months.

Magistrates everywhere are faced with such problems.

I fear a fresh wave of juvenile crime unless the authorities reverse their short-sighted policy of closing schools to save the cost of A.R.P. shelters.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RONALD MATTHEWS,
Chairman, L.N.E.R.

DEAR SIR,—Could you not extend the Square Deal to your employees as well as the shareholders?

A widow, whose husband had been in your employ for thirty-eight years, asked your company for work. She was offered a cleaning job, two hours each morning, two hours each night, and four on Saturday afternoon, for 14s. 9d.

Fares and insurance would leave her 1s. 4d. for the week's work; about as much as you charge a weary soldier for a cup of tea and a sandwich!—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. R. POWNALL,
Inspector-General, L.D.V.s.

DEAR GENERAL,—There is still a premium on patriotism.

Some young Liverpool men joined the L.D.V.s. Their employer, discovering this fact, demanded their expulsion because his factory was engaged on war work.

They have now been notified by their commandant that they can no longer remain in the L.D.V.s, though their patrol duties in no way interfere with their civilian work.

Investigate this astonishing complaint.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Do you really inspect? Or is your title a pleasant fiction?

A vulnerable town such as Aberdeen cannot get Anderson shelters. Its citizens are without gas mask filters. Their masks have not even been inspected.

Anderson shelters, marooned on an Essex railway siding for four months, are destined for another district.

Home Office fumbling is responsible for the delay.

Plenty of muddles await your attention.—JOHN BULL.

Miss EDITH MARY OWEN,
Essex

DEAR MADAM,—The first British civilian to be blinded by Nazi warfare, your courage is an inspiration not only to your nurses but also to all of us.

You regard blindness as an opportunity for serving humanity, so I have no doubt that you will intensify rather than diminish your religious work.

May the rest of us, so much luckier than you, never lack your fortitude!—JOHN BULL.

How He Won That Medal

Behind the bald announcement that Lieutenant Richard Robert Fairbairn, Royal Engineers, had been awarded the Military Cross in the field for extreme bravery, there lies this story of shining courage in the face of the enemy.

★

LIEUTENANT FAIRBAIRN heaved a sigh of relief as the last of the road bridges was blown sky-high to the accompaniment of a thunderous explosion.

As small stones rattled on his tin hat he turned to look at a heavy railway bridge through the shower of falling débris.

"Just one more and we're through," he muttered.

It was late in the afternoon of May 18 1940, and Fairbairn's party of Royal Engineers had been ordered to destroy the bridges leading south-west out of Peronne to delay the German advance.

But a misfire had enabled a German advance guard to occupy a strong position on the other side of the river and they were firing relentlessly on the lightly armed British force.

The Germans knew about that last remaining bridge. It was the sole link across which they could send heavy tanks and high-speed armoured vehicles.

Disregarding their fire, Fairbairn raced on to the bridge with some of his men, carrying gun-cotton.

Each man knew that if a bullet hit one of the charges of explosives they would be blown to smithereens.

Working quickly, they adjusted the detonators, then raced back across the bridge, paying out electric wires.

But when they screwed the wires to the generator and pushed down the plunger, there was no answering explosion.

The charge misfired!

Meantime, German troops were preparing to charge across the bridge, assisted by three enemy aircraft diving from the clouds, their guns spitting death.

The Lieutenant knew there would be no time to tamp down another charge; no time to adjust another detonator; no time to pay out new electric wires; no time to race for safety.

The man who fired that charge would have to do so from close quarters, and he would go up with the bridge. Yet the bridge had to be destroyed.

Fairbairn, pausing only long enough to give orders about what his men should do after the explosion, rushed back.

His awe-struck men saw him stoop over the charge and then turn to race clear. But he did not get more than a few yards before there was a shattering roar.

Instead of smashing Fairbairn to bits, the terrific blast tossed him into the river downstream of the wrecked bridge.

A few days later the Commander-in-Chief decorated him, in the field, with the Military Cross.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

"ARMIES" THE NATION DOESN'T WANT

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, Minister for War, drew attention in the House of Commons last week to the trouble that might be caused by individual efforts to strengthen the defence of Britain.

While suggesting that Local Defence Volunteers should be encouraged to use their own initiative and military knowledge, he warned people that independent construction of defence works except in conformity with a general plan could do more harm than good.

He mentioned that in some instances defence works created by private individuals without consulting the military authorities had to be dismantled because they were ill-sited.

But he did not mention the dangers that might arise from the formation of private "armies."

No Excuse for the Private Force

There is now no possible excuse for the existence of any unauthorised force, however high sounding might appear its call to patriotism. Yet the popular desire to help in the fight is so great that people may not stop to think before joining these superfluous private enterprises.

The Government is doing all that is necessary in creating the Forces essential not only for fighting but also for looking after the welfare of the people of this fortified island.

And when it is necessary for an unofficial organisation to be created to assist in the war effort, the Government is not slow in granting authority. Without this authority, no private organisations, pretending to be of vital need to the nation's fighting spirit, should be allowed even to commence activities.

Yet private enterprises, under many high falutin' titles, have come into existence during recent months.

Not Allowed to Have Uniforms

My investigators, assisted by solicitors and outside enquirers, have uncovered details of many schemes promoted by a man now known as Captain Raymond Gordon, a flying veteran of the last war, whose latest effort was the County of Essex Defence Corps.

I outlined his plan to enlist a vast army of middle-aged men to guard crops, fight fires started by incendiary bombs and help farmers, when in April last I first warned you of his activities.

Since the War Office refused the captain permission either to arm his volunteers or to give them uniforms, my investigators have continued their probing and stumbled on the amazing history of this organiser of "patriotic" enterprises.

Now he has made history through being the first person to be prosecuted under the National Registration Act, 1939.

It has been revealed, partly through JOHN BULL'S enquiries, that the captain's real name is Ivimy, and that as well as using the name of "Captain Raymond Gordon" he has passed as Gordon Stanley Vimy and Gordon Stanley Ivimy.

Superintendent of Air Guard

Even though the Registrar-General's department, controlled by Sir Sylvanus C. Vivian, has just impounded this imposter's Identity Card, he has been superintendent of a Civic Air Guard, and has been sitting on the Committee of a local Air Defence Corps.

When he was sentenced at the Old Bailey some years ago for obtaining money by false pretences and conspiracy to defraud, he was denounced as "an unscrupulous criminal who, usually with an accomplice, devoted his attention to running bogus employment agencies and obtaining sums of money as deposits from persons for whom he promised to find situations."

This mysterious crusader has been concerned with several unofficial national flying services, about which complaints have been made by people who became interested financially—and otherwise.

Official enquiries are also being made into the activities of another "crusader," who formed "The British Worker's Twelve Million Army," "The British Worker's Welfare Club," "The British Industries' Social League," "The Health First Aid and Welfare Centre" and "Britain's Fourth Line."

Then there is the "Imperial Frontiersmen"—not to be confused with the famed, officially recognised Legion of Frontiersmen—started by Maurice Joseph Goldstone, who appears on international police records under such names as "Captain the Marquess Goldstone," "Comte de Avison," "Duc de Montfalcon," "Maurice Mount Falcon" and the "Marquis de Mont Falcon."

Robbed Widow of £3,000

Among his jail sentences he once served three years' penal servitude for robbing a widow of £3,000 by false pretences.

There is every reason why the Government should make it impossible for such men as these to form private armies. Patriots intrigued by such schemes may find that they must pay heavily for disenchantment.

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. WILLIAM LAWRIE, of Thistle Street, Paisley, Scotland, receives this week's public benefactor guinea.

He has provided me with most interesting facts for my files.

Do not hesitate to write me if you have evidence of a scandal or the operations of some "suspect" Fifth Columnist.

Address your letters to me at Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and mark envelope "Public Benefactor."

Sir Sylvanus Vivian's department impounded the mystery man's identity card

THE GREATEST OF THESE

WIDOW KEEGAN, of Ashford, Kent, richly deserves your encouragement. It's about time she received something other than knocks from life.

She is now fifty-five; has long been crippled by ill-health and beset by mental anguish.

Her husband served with the gallant C.I.V.s in the Boer War; was invalided home with fever and dysentery, and died only a few years later from tuberculosis.

And Mrs. Keegan was left alone when her two sons fell victims to the same disease.

When her health permitted, Mrs. Keegan was found employment as a cook.

For the last three years arthritis and heart trouble have so undermined her general health that the doctor has now ordered a complete rest. Yet she hasn't even the means to buy nourishing food. So please help her.

Donations should be earmarked "Lost All," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously and under various pseudonyms.

Bandit Turns to Fraud : Man with a Money-for-All Lure : Official Receiver Calls for "World Says, Ltd." Enquiry

IN the long ago he served a term of penal servitude for robbing a bank by armed force; now he lives on his wits—and makes a good thing out of it.

To people in Essex towns who have recently suffered through listening to his romantic tales he appears a tall, well-built man whose handsome features and grey hair show his advancing years.

In the name of "Kirby" he has lately claimed to be a naval engineer with vast resources in Australia; owner of gold and copper mines in Kaalgoorie; relative of a Melbourne woman who "owns her own yacht, two cars, five hundred birds and employs ten servants."

One man from whom he has taken money was to be settled with his wife on Kirby's Australian estate, but after saying he had telegraphed for £350 passage money he disappeared.

And so the old rogue lives in great style, always making the most of such fantastic schemes as his exclusive Windsor flying club, his £100.000 venture to start oil wells in Somerset.

And it looks as though he will soon be thinking of still more schemes as he languishes in jail again.

* * *

YOU'D think that Mr. D. Critchett was a philanthropist. From an office in New Oxford Street, London, W.C.2, he writes to people who have had judgments registered against them, advises them in a fatherly way of the "unpleasantness attached to this publicity."

In his own handwriting he emphasises that he is not a moneylender, has no connection with moneylenders, yet he offers to find people who have money to invest for those who are in financial difficulties.

There are several reasons why I deplore Mr. Critchett's apparent desire to be a good samaritan.

Not only is there generally no "unpleasant publicity" following a registered judgment, but also his letters (signed "D. Critchett") are curiously similar to others sent out from another address in the same street years ago.

The waste-paper basket is the only place for this fine generous gentleman's circulars.

* * *

MY warning a few months ago about the conduct of World Says, Ltd., has now been justified by the Senior Official Receiver's report on the company's affairs.

If you remember, I disclosed that the leading light in the concern was Alfred Leigh Augustine Walker Greig, who had previously achieved notoriety in other quarters.

The report reveals that not only did people invest money on promises that were never fulfilled, but also there is evidence of extravagant expenditure.

These methods of finance were open to such criticism that, in the Official Receiver's opinion, the company's affairs call for "careful investigation."

I can't say more than urge the investigation should be made without delay.

* * *

NOW that Austin Frederick Hatcher has been fined at Birmingham for deceiving the public I wish to draw attention again to those unscrupulous dealers in the occult.

Hatcher was supposed to have charged fees for this sort of thing. It was said that disguised police officers attended one of his seances only to find that Sister Agnes, the so-called medium, who floated in with a luminous plaque on her chest, was actually Hatcher.

There was a time when he practised in South Wales.

At such seances other charlatans have told women that their husbands have been unfaithful, prophesied when sons would find employment, and one even warned a client that her husband had recently married another woman. Then she mentioned that he had been dead for a year.

Everything must be done to stop these mountebanks preying on women who are quite naturally made more susceptible by the anxieties of war.

Hitler's American Plot

By RAYMOND GEORGE

IT IS A NORMAL OCCURRENCE FOR A MOTORIST TO CROSS THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA IN A WEEK. HITLER'S MECHANISED ARMY COULD DO IT IN A MONTH *IF* . . .

BIGGEST FACTOR IN THAT BIG "IF" IS THAT HITLER WOULD HAVE TO SWEEP AWAY THE BRITISH NAVY TO GET THERE.

THAT WE CONFIDENTLY BELIEVE HE WILL NEVER DO. BUT AMERICA, ALIVE AT LAST TO THE NAZI MENACE, IS WEIGHING UP THE POSSIBILITY. IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN, WHAT THEN?

With a population of 120,000,000 the United States is the richest country in the world. It is also the most undefended.

If the British Navy did not stand guard over its Atlantic coasts it would fall before the German armoured legions as helplessly as Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France.

America has no Maginot Line, save the Atlantic. It has only a tiny army. Its air force is inadequate.

It is a great sprawling country of perfect road and rail communications, of widely spaced cities, all admirable targets for air attack.

Its navy is entirely occupied in defending the Pacific coast and the Panama Canal from attack by Japan.

The frontier with Canada is completely undefended along its entire length of 3,000 miles, and for the greater part of that distance is not even fenced.

The Atlantic coast is protected by one or two archaic batteries, useless against air attack. The Pacific coast is not much better protected.

Nominally the American army is 280,000 strong. But in the middle of June, when America's unpreparedness caused almost a panic, it was under strength by 40,000 men.

Out of the total about 50,000 men are required for the defence of the Panama Canal zone, and in Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippines and Puerto Rico.

After allowing for garrison duty there are about 100,000 men to deal with an invader, whether attack comes through Mexico or from Japan or Europe.

There is only one completely mechanised unit. With other units, partly mechanised, 500 tanks can be mustered. A single German armoured division is equipped with 475 tanks, and there are twelve of them.

Invaders Travel at 70 m.p.h.

THE German tanks in France had straighter roads and wider roads to travel on than they had in Holland or Belgium. Much straighter and wider than they would have if they succeed in landing in Great Britain. But nothing like so straight and wide as the roads in America.

In France they averaged forty miles an hour. Where they met with no resistance they covered 200 or 300 miles in a day.

Motor-cyclist troops who preceded them, and often captured towns almost single-handed, so great was the terror which the dive-bombing, the flight of refugees, and the smoke-screen of panic and rumour spread in front of them, travelled at seventy to eighty miles an hour.

From New York to San Francisco is 3,000 miles. Three thousand miles of perfect motor roads, wide enough to take eight cars abreast.

The United States possesses but a few hundred anti-aircraft guns. Present air strength of the army is about 2,800 'planes, most of them out of date by European war standard.

The navy has about 1,700 'planes, of which perhaps 500 are first-line machines. And this air force has to protect an area over fifty times the size of Great Britain.

Strongest arm in America is the navy's defences. But it is totally inadequate even for the protection of the Pacific coast of the American continent, now that the United States is committed to the defence of the South American republics against armed invasion or so-called peaceful penetration by Japan, Germany and Italy.

The American navy is strung out over an immense area ranging from the Aleutian Islands in the far north to the fringes of the Antarctic.

Dutch East Indies, Hawaii and the Philippines are all subjects of American anxiety, and Japanese encroachments on any part of the Pacific zone, from which America draws exclusively its supplies of rubber and tin, would undoubtedly prevent the American fleet from any effective participation in the defence of the Atlantic coasts.

In other words, the Pacific is a whole-time job for the American navy.

If Hitler invaded America to-morrow the Fifth Column would surpass anything we have seen in Holland, Belgium and France.

Groundwork of that insidious weapon was started long before the last war!

The German-American section of the population now numbers 40,000,000.

Many detest Hitler, but even among the once-sound Liberal and Socialist Germans in Middle-Western States, like Milwaukee, there is a sentimental German strain which is apt to predominate in the American blood.

The triumphs of Hitler over the Western democracies have not left them indifferent.

Cartoons appearing in United States newspapers, like this from the "Baltimore Sun" show that Americans are at last realising the danger

Fuehrer is their Biggest Drum

AND there are always those who like to climb on the band wagon when the big drum beats.

Hitler seems to many of them to be the big drum at the moment, and there are millions of German-Americans who openly or secretly desire to see the United States under the Swastika banner.

"America is rightly German" is the slogan openly flaunted by the German Foreign Propaganda Institute in America, and at home Hitler's Nazi fanatics are told that the conquest of America is their sacred duty.

The Nazis like to point out that the Americans are not really a race or a nation, but a mixture of many nations.

And the best blood, they declare, is German. It is this German strain, they boast, that has made America powerful.

Arguing along these lines, it is asserted that as the United States has so much German blood all Hitler has to do to gain control of America is to arouse this "blood" to "an awareness of its brotherhood."

This the Nazi propaganda experts have been steadily striving to do with their usual ingenuity.

Germans Leading Americans?

GERMANS in America have been told that Nazism is a World movement destined to lead to domination of the United States.

An incredible network of cells, agencies and Press bureaux has been spun throughout the country.

More sinister still has been the establishment of schools which, under the cloak of giving free German lessons, aim at preparing "youths from seven to eighteen to become members of American Germandom."

German and Italian agents have for years past been fomenting trouble also in the South American republics.

Brazil has 750,000 Germans and 203 German schools.

Uruguay, the smallest of the South American republics, has a German population of 40,000 (in 1918 it was only 1,000) out of a total of 2,000,000. Everywhere the German and Italian colonies are the nucleus of anti-democratic intrigues, anti-British and anti-American propaganda.

In Colombia a pro-German government has been set up by the local Nazis. In Brazil, President Vargas is a self-confessed pro-Fascist.

In Mexico, Germany has been busy buying up oil that formerly went to America and Britain, and Japan is active behind the scenes.

In Panama, through which runs the Canal which is to America what the Suez Canal is to Britain, a vital strategic artery, arms dumps and Nazi plots have been discovered.

Whole cities in the Middle West, largely German in racial character and sympathy, would greet the advanced armoured columns of Hitler's army with open arms.

Frantic Haste to be Prepared

OPPOSITION to the invader would be mined and sabotaged from within the country. The tiny American army would be hamstrung. The inadequate American air force, dispersed over an immense territory, would be unable to bring any effective opposition to bear on the invader's columns, preceded by dive bombers.

The march of the German columns over those wide and beautiful American roads would be twice as fast, twice as irresistible as their march through France.

Air attacks on the non-German cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, would create even greater panic than was created by Orson Welles' famous broadcast a year or two ago of a pretended Martian invasion of the United States.

For over a hundred years Americans have lived in security and prosperity.

Like the Scandinavians, they fancied themselves immune from invasion.

Peace movements, subsidised from Germany, exercised an enormous influence on the electorate, particularly on the women. They were told that to spend money on guns and tanks and airplanes meant that American boys would be killed fighting in European wars.

Now they are beginning to realise their danger. They are beginning to realise that American isolation is a myth, and a dangerous myth—that America can be invaded from Europe.

Frantically rearmament is being speeded up. Vast sums have been voted for a bigger Navy, Army and Air Force.

The United States, and with it the entire American continent, lies wide open to invasion. It has begun to realise that now that the Maginot Line has fallen only the British Navy stands between it and Hitler.

And everywhere in that great continent people are wondering whether they have awakened to Hitler's plot in time.

WE WILL GO ON TO THE END

WE will go on to the end wherever the road, we will go on to the end whatever the load. We will go on to the end—let no one mistake! for we will go on to the end and we will not break.

WE will go on to the end and smile our way through, we will go on to the end with our purpose in view. We will go on to the end though no end be in sight, but we will go on to the end until things come right.

WE will go on to the end whatever the cost, we will go on to the end whatever be lost. We will go on to the end for we're made of that stuff, we will go on to the end till our Foe's had enough!

WE will go on to the end though grim be the way, we will go on to the end and all our debts pay. We will go on to the end come the end soon or late, for we will go on to the end for God's Will is our Fate.

WE will go on to the end till Freedom's Bright Torch be placed by our hands to burn in the World's Waiting Porch, where mankind can see by its Light the True Way to Live, we will fight on for that end and give all we can give.—J. M.

THE ROAD TO VICTORY

A. G. GARDINER

analyses the Premier's call to brace ourselves for the struggle beyond Hitler's threatened invasion of Britain. That is where the decision will lie, and it is a phase of the war about which the Nazi chiefs already speak warily because they distrust the people's will to endure a long war

IT is one of the merits of the inspiring leader this nation has found in its hour of need that he talks to us like a man to men.

He does not scream like Hitler, as if he were addressing a mob of dumb, driven cattle. Nor does h. bully and bluster after the manner of Hitler's jackal Mussolini.

He takes no refuge in comfortable illusion, offers no primrose path to victory. He faces the harshest facts with stern candour and asks us to face them with courage equal to his own.

It is in this spirit of relentless determination that he warns us to "prepare not only for the summer, but for the winter—not only for 1941 but for 1942, when the war will, I trust, take a different form from the defensive in which it has hitherto been bound."

IN SHORT, HE BIDS US LOOK CONFIDENTLY BEYOND THE *BLITZKRIEG* TO THE REAL STRUGGLE OF ENDURANCE WHICH WILL GIVE US VICTORY.

He has, I think, two motives in administering this cold douche of grim realism. He is nerving us for the long ordeal that may be before us, and he is also telling the enemy what lies before *him*.

And of his two audiences there is no doubt which will bear the cold douche best.

For Hitler and Mussolini have gambled everything on a lightning decision, and if they do not get that decision their prestige will be gone, their terrorism will be discounted, and with exhausted resources they will be committed to a war in which the balance of force will inexorably go against them.

We, on the other hand, have but to survive the *blitzkrieg* in order to be assured of victory. We can face, and do face, a war extending into 1942.

We do not shrink when Mr. Churchill bids us prepare for such a possibility. With one consent the nation says "So be it."

Never in our history has the spirit of this nation shone so gloriously before the world as it does in this dark hour of human destiny. Never in our history has a leader had behind him so united and determined a people.

BUT WHAT OF THE ENEMY? HITLER HAS NOW PARTLY DISILLUSIONED HIS OWN PEOPLE.

They have been fed on dreams of inheriting the British Empire this summer. The Hitler programme of the conquest of Europe was to end up triumphantly in London on the 15th of next month. Dr. Ley's promised excursions of the Hitler Youth to Brighton had been announced for September.

CAN we conceive Hitler broadcasting to the German people that the war may still be on in 1942 and that they must tighten their belts for the real struggle that is to come?

And think of his jackal telling the Italians that they too must prepare for 1942. He dragged his unwilling people into this marauding adventure only when he thought that the *blitzkrieg* was a dead certainty and that he would have nothing to do but to pick up the crumbs that fell from the Hitler table.

IF AT THE END OF THIS SUMMER HE HAS NOTHING TO OFFER HIS PEOPLE BUT

Hugh Dalton, Eton boy who became Chairman of the Labour Party, and is now Minister of Economic Warfare, is out to smash the Nazis. You are told about his unrelenting crusade, his foibles — and his booming voice.

He Has No Mercy for Nazis

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

HUGH DALTON is Minister of Economic Warfare because of his own insistence.

When the Cabinet reshuffle took place and the Muddlers of Munich were (not sacked but) moved about a bit, Dalton's appointment was delayed.

He would not take any of the posts offered him.

"I want a fighting Ministry," he insisted. "I want to feel that I am actively helping to smash the Germans."

The Admiralty, the War Office and the Air Ministry all were filled and so Winston gave Dalton the job of putting a stranglehold on Germany's economic life.

* * *

The Ministry of Economic Warfare had been in the hands of Ronald Cross, a young Minister who had done his best.

Unfortunately—and this happened in the last war, many of the lessons of which were forgotten—the Foreign Office was pursuing its old game of Appeasement, this time with Italy.

"Starve the Germans," was the national policy.

But you couldn't starve the Germans if, at the same time, you so overfed the Italians that they passed on to Germany all the grub they couldn't eat.

Then there had been the "Kiss the neutrals" attitude, pursued by a complacent Halifax, one of the Men of Munich, over Holland and Belgium.

Even when Winston had told the neutrals the plain truth, months before Neville fell, the Foreign Office didn't like it.

* * *

Well, Dalton was better trained for standing up to Foreign Office officials than most people.

After all, he had been Arthur Henderson's Under-Secretary in the days when the world was nearly saved.

Henderson, indeed, got more of his way, in spite of his working-class origin, than any other Foreign Minister in recent years.

As for Dalton, he is a strange emergence from an Anglican dignitary's home. His father was Canon of Windsor in Queen Victoria's day, and almost her favourite preacher!

He is very tall, and his voice is nearly as loud as Ernest Brown's.

Indeed, he has a way of lecturing the House of Commons, standing over it, booming, and sometimes getting the backs up of his opponents when a little tactfulness might do.

It was Queen Victoria who first disliked his voice.

"Are you enjoying those grapes?" she said to the boy Hugh, at a Windsor Castle tea-party.

"Yes, Queen," replied Hughie Dalton.

"What an impossible child," remarked the Widow of Windsor. "He has a voice just like his father's."

Who could have thought, in the days when Hugh Dalton went to Eton and afterwards to Cambridge, that by the time he was forty-eight he would become chairman of the Labour Party?

In the meantime, he won in the Great War an Italian decoration for bravery, and although called to the Bar, chose to become a lecturer on Economics.

It was his studies of economic problems that led to his becoming a Labour leader.

When I shared his platform on a coal cart high above the Welsh valleys, addressing miners, my speech reached, perhaps, 10,000 colliers. Hugh's carried twice as far as mine, disturbing the distant sheep, in fact.

We took part together in the anti-Hitler crusade when it was thought to be, oh so naughty!

Even when the country got excited over Appeasement, and cheered Neville so—"God bless you, Mr Chamberlain," sang Harry Roy—Hugh was angry, pointing out that Chamberlain should not have been allowed to go and see Hitler without his Foreign Secretary. Instead, of course, he took the mysterious Sir Horace Wilson.

* * *

Within a week of Munich, Dalton was pressing the Government to build evacuation camps. That's what he thought of Appeasement.

"Even if there is no war, there will still be a lot of poor children anxious to get a peep at the sea or the country," he said.

He urged a united stand by Britain, France and Russia when Czecho-Slovakia was threatened.

But traitorous France and blundering Britain left Czecho-Slovakia to her fate—and things haven't been the same with Russia since.

* * *

Now Dalton is the right man in the right place. He loathes Nazidom more than almost any man in the Commons. He knows you have got to smash it—that the alternative is the death of Democracy.

He will have, in the next few months, a most difficult job.

France, when she begins to starve, will blame him. The Dutch populace, and the people of Belgium, when the almost inevitable pestilence follows months of hunger, may curse him.

But last time, although beaten on the field and driven from the seas, Germany was blockaded into surrender. So it will happen again, when we survive, because of our resolution, the coming attack on our harbours and our ships.

And Dalton will see that there is no Appeasement—over essential supplies.

TO

Y

WAR OF ENDURANCE THERE WILL BE HORT SHRIFT FOR HIM. ITALY'S HEART S NOT IN THIS BUSINESS, AND ITS POWER F SUSTAINING A LONG STRUGGLE IS EGLIGIBLE.

It was naturally assumed by the dictators hat, after the collapse of France, the spirit f this country would be so shattered that erious resistance would be broken and the hreat of the *blitzkrieg* would bring us to our nees.

Hitler would offer us such peace terms as ould split a dispirited nation into factions, nd his triumph would be complete.

The exact opposite has been the result. Thrown completely on our own resources, the British Empire is more resolute and certainly ot less confident than it was before the raitors of France betrayed their country.

We have lost much from that tragic happening, but we have also gained much. Our problem is more simple.

IT IS THE PROBLEM OF SEA POWER AGAINST LAND POWER, AND, IN SPITE OF THE COMPLICATIONS OF THE SUBMARINE AND THE AEROPLANE, THERE IS NO REASON TO DOUBT THAT THE HISTORIC DOMINION OF THE SEA OVER THE LAND WILL BE MAINTAINED.

Mussolini's journalistic lackey, Signor Gayda, warns us that if we do not surrender to Hitler's threatened avalanche we shall be destroyed, not in months or weeks, "but in days, even hours."

Well, we shall see. There will certainly be no surrender. What is more, there will be no discussion of peace with the murderous gang that has made a desolation of Europe and seeks to make a desolation of the world.

No matter what devilries Hitler may have reserved for the attack on us, we shall, in spite of the inspired menaces of Goering and Gayda, continue to believe that the conquest of this island will prove a task beyond his accomplishment, not merely "in days, or even hours," but in months or years.

WE SHALL SURVIVE THE *BLITZKRIEG*, WHATEVER FORMS IT TAKES, AND HAVING SURVIVED IT WE SHALL PREPARE IN FULL CONFIDENCE, AS MR. CHURCHILL BIDS US, FOR 1942.

BY this I don't mean, any more than he means, that the real crisis will be delayed *so* long.

If Hitler fails in his crucial gamble this summer, events will move fast, and they are unlikely to move in his favour. For it is the Nemesis of the tyrant that he must not fail. Once discredited, he is doomed.

But whether 1941 or 1942 is destined to be the year of decision, it is the war of endurance for which the Prime Minister calls on the nation to prepare. He must not, and will not, call in vain.

There is abundance of encouragement in the prospect of that war. **THE FLYING START WHICH HITLER WAS ALLOWED TO GET IN HIS SCHEME FOR A LIGHTNING WAR IS BEING OVERTAKEN.** This nation is now one vast arsenal from end to end.

Jackal Mussolini will look even more crestfallen when he finds that he has to fight a war of endurance

In spite of the fact that France has fallen out of our ranks, our command of the sea is still unchallenged, with all the immense advantages that that command implies. It places the resources of the whole world outside Europe at our service while denying them to the enemy.

Next to the sea, the most vital theatre of a prolonged war is the air. Here Hitler started with a stupendous advantage.

Numerically that advantage still exists, but qualitatively it has gone. The superiority of our men and our machines is the most sensational revelation of the war. And with the progress of the struggle our numerical superiority should become as decisive as our qualitative.

TURN TO ANOTHER PHASE OF THE RECKONING. WHEN HITLER ENTERED ON HIS VAST GAMBLE HE BELIEVED THAT THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS WAS A ROPE OF SAND THAT WOULD FALL TO DUST AT THE CHALLENGE OF WAR.

He believed this because he could not imagine that freedom was a better cement of empire than bondage. **HE IS WISER NOW.**

We ourselves have been astonished at the passion with which the whole empire, from New Zealand to Canada, not excluding India, has leapt to arms and mortgaged its future, as we are doing, for the survival of liberty and civilisation on this earth.

Consider, too, that larger background which is destined to play its part more and more as the struggle proceeds.

Isolationism is withering in the United States, and, once the Presidential election is over, that vast potentiality will be drawn more and more into our orbit, not because it loves us, but because its own fate is at stake equally with ours.

And so with the South American republics, all trembling lest the destroying hand of Nazism should strangle their independence.

AND RUSSIA? WHO CAN DOUBT WHERE ITS INTERESTS LIE, WHICH NATION IT HAS REASON TO FEAR OR THE CHANNEL INTO WHICH ITS ACTION MUST FINALLY BE DIRECTED?

Mr. Churchill does well to fix our minds on and brace our energies for the long view. The certainty that the future is ours will help us to hurl back whatever furies Hitler can launch against us in the present.

And when his tempest has passed he will pass. It is we who can talk of 1942.

ARGUE IT OUT **BY PALLAS**

A L.D.V. Appeals to Mr. Eden

MR. CHURCHILL has stated with some pride that behind the Army stand more than a million men of the L.D.V.

His pride is justified because each of those men is sacrificing leisure, comfort, sleep, so that the guard kept the length and breadth of the country shall be constantly maintained.

On the surface, the duties of the L.D.V. seem slight. Yet, surprisingly enough, even an occasional night on duty takes its toll when men carry on with their usual jobs.

Mr. Churchill is proud of the way these men have answered the call to arms. In return he, and his Ministers, especially Mr. Eden, should see that the L.D.V. get a square deal.

For Mr. Eden's benefit I print here four episodes in which I was personally concerned. They all happened in less than three weeks.

Six men of our section paraded for rifle practice at a miniature range. When we got there the range was closed. When we complained to the section leader he apologised, said it wasn't his fault. The company commander had forgotten to tell him that the range was not available.

I went to Bisley. No one was in charge of group details. I had to do the job. I'm not grumbling. But a section leader should have been present.

* * *

I paraded for a special night guard. Two hours after the guard was supposed to have begun there were nearly twice as many men present as there should have been, and no one had arrived to take charge.

A captain who came along dismissed some of the men, including myself. My car, which is not blacked out, had to stay outside the post all night. I had to go home by 'bus and collect the car the following morning.

I volunteered, on my day off, to take charge of a lorry, make a 40-mile round trip and collect barbed wire and thousands of rounds of ammunition.

When I reported I was told that the order for the lorry was cancelled. I tried in vain to contact an officer for instructions.

Hours later I telephoned the section leader. That was his first intimation that the job had not been carried out.

And so, as I write, there are in my possession all the documents and papers necessary to draw thousands of rounds of live ammunition.

These complaints may seem trivial. But they are not trivial if they are being multiplied many times over in different parts of the country.

Men who willingly give up, without hope of recognition or reward, their time and energy to duty with the L.D.V. should not, in Army parlance, be "messed about" like that.

In return for their sacrifice they expect, and are entitled to receive, efficient and smooth control.

* * *

In the early days of the Corps it was inevitable that blunders should be made. Old soldiers made allowances and suffered the mistakes cheerfully.

But by now the muddle should be straightening out. Those who were hastily selected—apparently by Lord-Lieutenants and suchlike big-wigs—to take charge of zones, battalions, companies, should be just as quickly reviewed in the light of their records since they assumed command.

Most L.D.V. men are ex-soldiers. They will toil and work and put everything they have into the job as long as they are controlled by a man who knows the job.

I don't care who bosses me when I'm in uniform, don't care whether he's a dustman or a duke, as long as he is competent to do his job well.

But inefficiency from a man who is supposedly chosen for soldierly qualities makes me sick.

Let me address myself to Mr. Eden. This stupid waste of men's leisure, this almost incredible mishandling of good material, is bad for the L.D.V.

There is bound to be discontent if men are treated as though they are half-wits for whom time has no value.

The L.D.V.s themselves want efficient control. They want it to a man. And the sooner they get it from top to bottom the better they will be pleased and the better the country will be served.

Go to it, Mr. Eden.

Moment's Madness

TWO brothers married two sisters. One of the men, visiting his sister-in-law during her husband's absence, made love to her.

It was a yielding to sudden temptation for which they are both intensely sorry.

I am assured that they all four are highly respectable young people, but every week I receive evidence that even the most respectable are not immune from momentary lapses.

The guilty sister, says my correspondent, **considers it her duty to tell her husband everything. She says her health is being undermined by her conscience.**

The guilty man implores her to keep silent. He believes, as she does, that she would be forgiven; but that he himself would never be forgiven.

The two men have been the best of friends all their lives. Confession would destroy that friendship for ever.

He wants me to persuade his sister-in-law to keep the secret, but I don't feel able to make the decision.

If the wife's health suffers by worry, is it fair for her brother-in-law to insist on silence?

Before giving my answer, let me emphasise a few points.

The wife wants to confess. She believes she will be forgiven. But to some men the incident would be unforgivable.

There is the risk that he would sue for divorce. This might easily lead to a second divorce.

Even if he does not seek a divorce he will never feel anything but animosity towards his brother. Sooner or later the other wife will ask questions and discover the truth. I foresee a most unhappy life for four people.

The wife must regard her remorse as her punishment.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

She will have to be unselfish and bear it without murmuring. She cannot sacrifice her husband and her sister in order to soothe her own conscience.

A private confession that creates untold misery for innocent people is hard to justify.

But I realise that many readers will dispute my decision, and I invite them to tell me their views.

The question is not about what happened. It is about the desire for confession in the circumstances described.

I hope to print some of the best answers. There is no need to enclose a stamped addressed envelope—unless a private reply is needed for some question of your own.

NEXT, here's a letter from a woman whose husband is trying to get rid of her by neglect and mental cruelty. She has been married for twenty-eight years, so the man must be aged about fifty.

He has fallen in love with his cousin, she writes, **and at times I feel nearly crazy at the injustice of it.**

If the woman would stop writing to him I am sure he would behave properly again. He has told her, as he told me when he wanted my promise to marry him: "I shall end my life if you refuse."

I am going to be very lonely if I leave him, as our only child is married and lives miles away.

I have found his cousin's photo under his pillow. They both profess to be good Christians, and I go to his chapel when I would rather go to my own Church of England.

Do please advise me what to do. Do you think I ought to give him his freedom?

Two things are worrying the writer of this pathetic letter. The first is the sense of injustice at such treatment and the second is the dread of a lonely old age.

FRANKLY, I don't see how she can give the man his freedom. If the husband and his cousin are professing Christians it is hardly likely that there will be grounds for divorce. A legal separation would do neither of them any good.

I think the neglected wife should take a long holiday—she has had precious few—and stay with some kindly relative or with her married child.

A few weeks on his own might make the husband realise how much he owes to his wife. Nothing like a month of washing-up to make a man appreciate his wife a little more!

Fifty is a dangerous age for men. I get many letters from wives whose middle-aged husbands suffer from sudden infatuations.

Chief consolation is that these affairs rarely endure. The attempt to recapture a lost youth is soon followed by disillusion.

An impulse of the moment. Should she keep it secret or confess?

Another letter comes from a man of twenty-five whose fiancee postpones their marriage again and again:

It is not that there is any one else to be considered, and there is no doubt that we are both very much in love.

But she seems to be afraid of marriage.

She is nearly twenty-four, and her fear strikes me as unnatural. Most girls of that age appear rather more eager than the men.

I have a suspicion that her mother has poisoned her mind.

She has an idealist and poetic conception of love, associates it with Spring mornings and trees in full blossom, and she fears these feelings will change after we are married.

I wish I could argue with her about it all and make her see a different point of view. I tell her she has not grown up yet, but she says she doesn't want to grow up.

She wants everything to stay just as it is for ever.

THIS young lady seems to want first-love to last a lifetime, but she can no more expect this than she can expect the blossoms to remain on the trees through all the year.

Love is like a plant. It has an exquisite flower but its roots are in the earth.

She wants to think only of the coloured petals. But the plant would wither and die without nutriment drawn from the soil beneath.

A cut flower may be lovely for a time, but it fades after a few hours.

These things are a parable. Scoff at it if you will—but no one can deny its truth.

Voice of the People

I HAVE had JOHN BULL's quotation from Shakespeare, beginning "Come the three corners of the world in arms," printed as a poster, which some big business people in the town are proudly displaying from their windows.

I have seen despondent-looking people come up, read the lines, and walk away with chests squared.

People in other towns have asked me for copies. All comers would be served if my means permitted.—Ernest R. Hudson, Needham Road, Harleston, Norfolk.

Mr. Hudson sends us a specimen poster. Perhaps his printer would like to sell copies to others eager to continue the good work.

* * *

AS an offset to the Nazis' "Heil Hitler," let us greet each other with thumbs up and the words: "King George."—L. Smith, 59, Chapel Street, Belper.

Not on your life. Let us greet each other with a smile or a handshake. Who are they that Britons should imitate them?

* * *

JOINING the Army, my friend has been offered religious tracts as many as four times a day. All sorts of strange women seem to think he is in need of spiritual attention.

If the suggestion is that he is about to die, these people ought to feel ashamed of themselves.

So they should if they believe that an Army uniform is a badge of wickedness. —F. W. Keep, Woodfield, near Dursley, Glos.

WHEN a man is given a title it is known as an "honour." It figures in an Honours List.

Therefore, should a man still retain his "honour" when he has so dishonoured his British citizenship that he has to be interned as a possible danger to all his fellow citizens?—C. R., Flyford Flavel, Worcester.

* * *

IT is easy to be patriotic and give your salvage to the country—if you live in a big town.

But in many country villages nobody will take the stuff. I find it impossible to give away carefully hoarded "waste" paper now so valuable to the national effort.—Elizabeth Masters, Ware, Herts.

The nearest women's institute will help. Otherwise let some public-spirited person start a dump. Nearest town will collect when the amount justifies.

* * *

POST Office isn't co-operating with Government and public in seeing that the maximum amount of money is lent to further the war.

If you want to lend your money, you may have to wait in queues of people wanting to have parcels weighed, when girls at the stamp counters are doing nothing.—John L. Wilcox, Walford Street, Newport, Mon.

Chief grumble is the long wait for a sixpenny saving stamp. Post office should give a Savings Certificate for a form bearing 15s. worth of postage stamps of any denomination. Every stamp machine would then be selling War Loan.

* * *

GOING into a post office to send his wife a telegram saying he was proceeding home on leave, an R.A.F. friend of mine asked whether he could borrow a time-table.

He included his time of leaving in the wire, handed the time-table back—and was charged twopence for consulting it.—John A. Austick, Whinbush Avenue, Allenton, Derby.

Village postmistresses are often appallingly underpaid by the Post Office, yet that is no excuse for such meanness. Post office, by the way, was not in Reader Austick's village.

* * *

MY uncle, a farmer, was refused a ration of tea for his haymakers, and so twenty-two women who intended to do volunteer haymaking for him changed their minds.

The crop suffered to the extent of £100.—Miss M. D., Sussex.

Beer is available for male workers in the field. There should be tea for the women. While big factories with canteens get tea rations, small factories should also benefit.

* * *

FIFTH COLUMNISTS would like to get hold of British Army uniforms, especially if they didn't look too new.

Therefore, the authorities might like me to tell them where it is possible to get slightly worn British soldiers' uniforms complete with badges. They are actually displayed for sale.—Mr. W. J. Thomas, 42, Mayfield Road, Tyseley, Birmingham.

Government is buying privately owned supplies of tin hats. It might do the same with uniforms. Danger is obvious.

* * *

REASON given for large quantities of registration cards being found in the open was that they had been sent to the wrong incinerator to be burnt. They should have been sent to a private incinerator.

The fuss should not be because they weren't properly burnt, or sent to the wrong place, but because waste paper is being destroyed by officials who are telling us to save every scrap.—C. B., Hill Road, Portchester, Hants.

* * *

VISITING my doctor, I was left alone for ten minutes in a waiting-room containing all his drugs—even the most dangerous of them.

I could have taken what I liked.

At any time it is wrong that anything should be left about with which a person could deal out death. In war time it is surely worse.—V. A. L., Welbeck Avenue, Liverpool, 15.

Doctors are held responsible for anything that happens to drugs in their care. Many run serious risks.

* * *

BEING a humble employee of a famous industrial firm, my savings of a few hundred pounds are in its superannuation scheme.

Total accumulated funds exceed £2,000,000. Interest is much greater than the fund's expenditure.

I cannot therefore lend my savings to the Government, because they are tied up. But the fund can. So can similar funds with hundreds of millions of pounds.

The money, I think, would make the Chancellor a happy man.—G. T., Thistle Street, Paisley.

"JOHN BULL" MOTTO INSPIRATION

★

VALUABLE WASTE STILL WASTED

★

LONG WAITS FOR WAR STAMPS

★

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A. W. Helliwell, continuing his "Giants of the Ring" series, tells the story of an up-and-down champion, Dick Burge, whose dazzling wins and strange defeats made him the

MYSTERY OF THE RING

YOU need only mention the name of the Blackfriars Ring in any gymnasium anywhere in the world and you'll find yourself hailed as a friend.

Wherever glove-fighters forgather, it inspires a host of memories that are usually retailed far into the night; and you can safely bet bank notes to old jam-jars that someone will talk of Dick Burge.

For without Dick there never would have been a Blackfriars Ring.

It was he who after hanging up his gloves for the last time, devoted his energies to turning a one-time chapel into a famous centre of boxing.

And a grand job he made of it! An evening at the Ring might, perhaps, lack the glitter and glamour of a Hugh D. McIntosh promotion—but you could depend on getting your money's worth in thrills and excitement.

Champions by the score made their debuts there, for there wasn't a shrewder judge of a scrapper in the profession than Burge.

He never turned anyone away. Always at the back of his thoughts were memories of his own heart-breaking struggle to make good.

For years his extraordinary skill as a lightweight kept him in the limelight during a period peculiarly rich in men of his weight. But he had more than his share of bitter disappointments before he achieved fame and fortune.

He started in a fair-ground booth, and when he first tried to break into a higher grade he had the misfortune to be matched with one of the wiliest performers of the day—Ben Seth.

Burge was a mere boy, strong and plucky and fast on his feet, but with no knowledge of the tricks of the trade. Seth was an experienced veteran, tough and crafty.

He tied Burge up from the first punch of the fight, and poor Dick left the ring disconsolate.

But he had learned a lesson that was to prove invaluable. He had learned that brains will always defeat brawn, and that the man who thinks before he hits will always be the master of the man who hits before he thinks.

It was on this theory that Burge modelled his style, and when he next fought in London he succeeded in defeating that great lightweight, Jem Garney, in eleven fast rounds.

When Burge had followed this with a two-rounds kayo win over Lachie Thompson, thus proving beyond dispute that he could fight as well as box, he began to be talked of as a coming champion.

But one of his most extraordinary characteristics as a fighter was the strange "in and out" form he displayed in the ring. There never has been a more bewilderingly inconsistent fighter than Burge.

You never could tell how he would shape until he stepped from his corner.

There were times when he boxed with all the assurance and dazzling brilliance of a world-beater, and others when he looked no better than a third-rater.

Sometimes he lost to men he had the ability to defeat with one hand lashed behind his back.

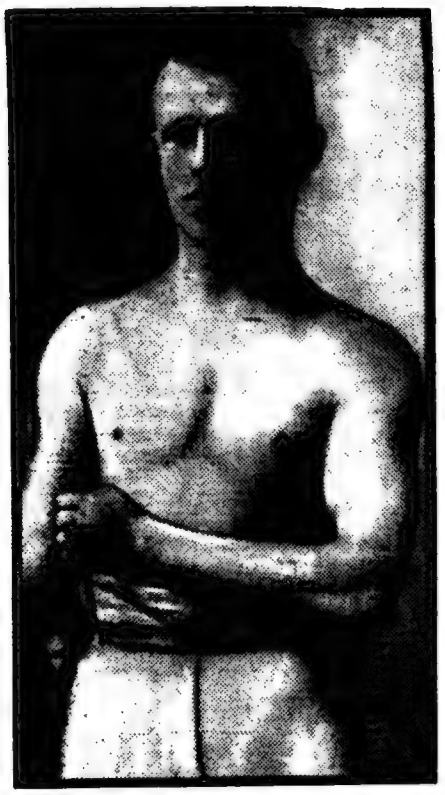
SPORTING experts were baffled when they came to weigh him up. Burge was the mystery man of the ring, and no one ever really solved the puzzle of his curious and erratic behaviour.

One explanation may be that he was not really a natural lightweight. The welter poundage was nearer his mark, and on many occasions he fought much below the weight at which he was fit and strong.

Sometimes his skill and ringcraft saved him, but often he took a terrible hammering as he did when he met Kid Lavigne, the French-American, for the world lightweight title at the National Sporting Club in 1896.

Lavigne was a pocket Hercules, who from the waist up had the build of a middleweight.

True, his knowledge of the science of the game was negligible, but he was a tear-away two-fisted slugger with a terrific wallop in either hand. He had the strength and stamina to keep walking in and punching away for twenty rounds if need be.



He didn't lack pluck and he was a master boxer—but sometimes he looked a third-rater

Burge had left his strength in the gymnasium. Weeks of rigorous reducing to make the weight had left him a shadow of his real self. Although he was able to box rings round Lavigne so long as the fight was kept at long range, he lacked the necessary staying power.

He entered the ring a two to one favourite. For the first few rounds, while he was still fresh, he made the rugged Yankee battler look as crude as a bar-room brawler. But it soon became apparent that the title was not to come to England.

He managed to evade most of the Kid's swinging blows, but each time one smashed home Burge slowed perceptibly.

Before long he was moving round the ring on leaden feet, an already beaten man, vainly trying to keep out of trouble by his superior skill.

Lavigne gave him not a second's respite. He chased him from gong to gong, ruthlessly battering him about the head and body with short, chopping punches.

Burge did not lack pluck. If you had seen him in later years fearlessly dealing with racetrack gangsters and thugs, many of them twice the size, when they tried to terrorise his opening shows at the Ring, you would have realised that.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall," was Dick's motto, and he was ready to have a go with the toughest of them. He once climbed over the top of the gallery at the Ring and slid down one of the supporting pillars like a fireman answering an alarm when trouble broke out at the ringside.

NO, there was no denying his courage, but mere courage was not enough against Lavigne. It carried him along as far as the seventeenth round, but beyond that he could not travel.

When Mr. Angle finally called a halt, poor Burge was grovelling face down on the canvas, pathetically trying to lever himself erect on arms that were as weak as a baby's.

He had fought himself to a standstill, but, if he had lost, he had done so as gallantly as a fighter has ever done.

Burge clashed with another American scrapper of the same school a few months later when he fought Eddie Connelly in Birmingham. Like Lavigne, this Connelly was a blend of Billy Papke and Frank Klauss, a merciless killer, whose capacity for taking punishment bordered upon the freakish.

Connelly could take punches that would have stretched most men cold flush on his chin without so much as batting an eyelid.

His bout with Burge is still remembered as one of the fiercest ever seen in this country.

Connelly started off at racing pace, shooting vicious blows from all angles. But the Englishman, completely master of the situation, suddenly dropped him with a perfect right hook.

It was a peach of a punch. Any ordinary fighter, having taken it on the point, would have lost all interest in the proceedings.

BUT even as the wildly excited crowd were yelling "Burge wins!" Connelly climbed to his feet shaking his head like a stunned bull.

A few seconds later, he had thrown off all effects of that smashing blow and was attacking like a demon, driving both gloves against Burge's ribs.

Dick, for once scorning the finer points of the game, fought back with equal ferocity, opening a gash over one of the American's eyes and sending the blood gushing from his mouth with another murderous hook.

It still looked odds on Burge, but Connelly's amazing stamina and power of recuperation soon had the tide of battle flowing in the opposite direction.

Then it was Burge who, worn out with the strain of hammering this superman, showed signs of tiring. On sagging knees he retreated round the ring while Connelly, mouth set in a line of determination, punished him unmercifully.

But Burge was not done with. He rallied and again drove Connelly back, rocking him with savage, perfectly timed lefts and rights.

In the ninth he had him down again, and then in the next session the mill was suddenly and dramatically halted.

It had been advertised as a twenty-rounds contest. But the referee, stepping between the two boxers as they were in the middle of a thrilling toe-to-toe slam, announced that the management had requested him to stop the fight.

"The decision must be a draw," he said, and so it stands in the records.

Connelly was a very groggy fighter when this occurred and it is doubtful whether even his ox-like strength would have carried him another ten rounds. But, draw or otherwise, that fight will ever be remembered by Dick Burge's fans as one of the greatest in his career.

R.A.F.'s Death Web for Nazis

IF Hitler has decided to conduct "total war" in the air against Britain—well, the R.A.F. is ready for him.

We ought to be thankful we are a small nation to defend, and are sea-girt. The oceans round our shores have a thousand eyes, and the radio crackles whenever the Nazi machines take the air outside their own coasts.

Let me show you what happens then at Central Control, Fighter Command.

A telephone bell rings, is answered instantly.

Raiders are on their way!

Ordered Activity

The whole place springs into silent, ordered activity.

R.A.F. 'phone operators, headphones clamped to their heads, sit round tables to receive and jot down reports from warships, merchantmen, coast observers, our own scouting machines over the water. Secret Service men, perhaps . . .

In a room like a broadcasting studio is an enormous contour map of Britain, rather like an enlargement of the contour maps sometimes seen at railway termini.

The gigantic spider-web of death that is to intercept enemy raiders is controlled from this centre.

Standing round the map of Britain are grey-haired senior staff officers. On the map lies a long croupier's rake. On a point of the map, over the North Sea, is a wooden block mounting a squat arrow and certain figures.

Those figures tell the exact strength and nature of the approaching German squadron, its gun-power and speed.

Flashing Messages

Messages begin to go out as fast as they come in. Distant airfields receive a sudden signal, and men race to machines whose thundering engines, warming up, shake the solid tarmac.

If it is night, a great white road is slashed across a hundred miles of sky by the searchlights; groping fingers in the clouds are flung this way and that.

Men sit beside great bat-like artificial ears—sensitive apparatus that can direct the guns exactly to aeroplanes invisible and inaudible five miles high. Five miles high—but the shells will find them even higher than that . . .

Meanwhile, gnat-like fighters are zipping through the upper air, incredibly swift, deadly, menacing.

500 Miles an Hour

Some of them, twin-engined and stumpy-bodied, can exceed 500 miles an hour in level flight. In one second they can drill an enemy with two hundred holes.

There is a tense "zero hour"—but it is a flash of time instead of an hour—when the officers at the Central Control see the block of raiders on their map flying straight into the smaller block that represents the first wave of our fighters.

Far away, the first ripping rattle of gunfire tears the skies . . .

Power-diving at incredible speeds, the fighters dive in formation, each defending its neighbour, each fan of gunfire overlapping the next so that the area within which the black forms of the bombers are enclosed is lapped round with a solid barrage.

Second Wave

Then, as the fighters swerve out of the way of the blast of answering fire, the second wave of attackers dips like a handful of thunderbolts out of the upper clouds.

The raiders scatter; no craft could keep together before such tremendous attacks.

Separated, the bombers are not left alone.

All round them British fighters flick and flash. The bomber is driven lower, lower—until it touches the tree top and rolls over in flames.

At the Central Control the officers are satisfied. The raid is broken up.

New machines are sent up. Our men must find forced-down enemy machines and seize them before the crews destroy them.

So the work goes on—the work that keeps the *blitzkrieg* just another of Hitler's dreams. Yes, the R.A.F. is ready!

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TRUE STORIES . . . . No. 1

A London Mother's Lesson

Told in her own words by Mrs. Koster of London, N.W.1

THIS is an experience of a London mother, as she herself told it.

"One day when I went to see my children in the country, my young son said, 'Why are you so quiet, Mummy? Aren't you feeling well?' I thought to myself, 'So even the children are beginning to notice!'

"I wasn't really ill. But war anxiety was putting years on me. I fretted about my home and husband and children, and nearly wore myself to a shadow trying to do national work and run my business, too.

"Overwork and worry take more out of you when there's war in the background. I got frightfully nervy

and low-spirited. And I always felt tired, even though I seemed to sleep right through the night.

"But I noticed that not everyone was going to pieces like me and I mentioned this to my husband. He advised me to see a doctor and I said, 'You're right, my dear. I'm not being fair to you and the kiddies.'

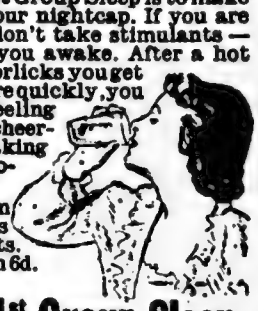
"The doctor said my trouble was all a matter of sleep. He said there are three sleep groups and it's important to be in the right one. Otherwise, even if you sleep eight hours, your brain and nerves are kept awake by the body's acid waste products. Then you get worn out and nervy and can't stand war worries. The doctor said I needed Horlicks at bedtime to put me from Sleep Group No. 2 into No. 1.

"So I started having a lovely cup of Horlicks every night, and the change in me is marvellous. People envy my energy and cheerfulness and I explain how Horlicks will help them, too, to face war strain."

Your own doctor will confirm that the way you stand the strain depends very largely on which sleep group you belong to. Nowadays, with disturbed nights, and shorter sleep, it is more important than ever.

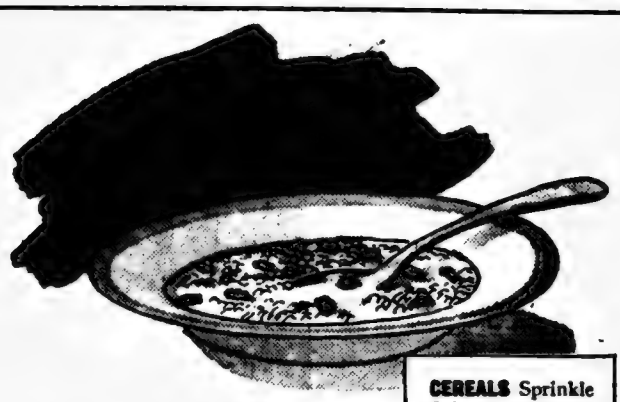
Scientists say there are 3 sleep groups. If you can't get to sleep, or sleep fitfully, you're in Group 3. If you wake tired even after 8 hours' sleep, you belong to Group 2. But Group 1 sleepers get so much good out of their sleep that they can often do with only 5 or 6 hours! These are the people who are never nervy. They face each day with confidence, energy and stamina.

Hospital tests prove that the way to ensure 1st Group Sleep is to make Horlicks your nightcap. If you are awakened don't take stimulants—they keep you awake. After a hot cupful of Horlicks you get to sleep more quickly, you wake up feeling alert and cheerful. Start taking Horlicks tonight.



Prices from 2/- at grocers and chemists. Mixers from 6d.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep



SWEETEN YOUR BREAKFAST CEREAL . . .

CEREALS Sprinkle Sultanas over your breakfast 'flakes'. That's going to save your sugar ration. Sultanas can be raw or simmered in a little water—just enough to plump them.

with Sultanas

CHEAP AND PLENTIFUL

★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

(34)

Look up and Smile — the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Send your kiddie a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice. It's very good for children's teeth.

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/-. Solid Dentifrice 6d.

My Husband Couldn't Believe His Eyes!

He says I look 10 years younger

"IT seems just like a miracle," were John's own words. Only two months ago I had lines and wrinkles on my forehead, around my eyes and mouth—I looked *very* definitely 'middle-aged.' To-day all my friends admire my unlined girlish skin and clear complexion.

THIS IS HOW I DID IT

I use Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It contains 'Biocel,' the amazing vital youth element—the discovery of a famous University Professor. During the day I use Crème Tokalon White Colour to make skin clear and smooth, free from blackheads and enlarged pores.

Local Rag

There they were all in a row, all reading the local rag. No wonder Mr. Bryce said he would rather miss a meal than the Staple-on-Sea Gazette.

WILL SCOTT

tells you what happened when Mr. Howley entered the Archer's Arms Hotel, and there couldn't be a better way of starting a short story . . .

MR. HOWLEY, wondering why on earth the firm should pick on him to go and wind up the local branch at Staple-on-Sea, wondering where on earth Staple-on-Sea was and how long it would take him to get there, and wondering how long he would have to wait *here* before the connecting train came in, went up the steps and pushed open the door of the Archer's Arms Hotel.

Which is outside the station at Widdicove. Which is in Devon.

Mr. Howley was hot.

Devon was hot.

The Archer's Arms was hot.

Mr. Howley ordered a pint.

"Might have to wait an hour for my train, I'm told," he grumbled.

"Ah," said the landlord. "Might have to wait more. Never tell with trains these days. War time, you know. Trains go when they can."

Mr. Howley nodded and mopped his brow.

"In a hurry?" the landlord asked.

"Don't have to be with an hour to wait for a train," Mr. Howley replied.

The landlord agreed and wanted to know if Mr. Howley was going far.

"East Coast," Mr. Howley told him. "I was hoping to make it to-night, but if I get as far as London by evening I shall be lucky."

"East Coast?" said the landlord. "Aren't many going there these days, I reckon. Most of 'em coming away."

"That's right," said Mr. Howley. "That's why. My firm's got a branch there, but so many people have left the place that they're closing the branch down. My job's to go and do it. It's not my regular job, but with so many of the men gone you never know what you're going to get wished on you."

"I never been to the East Coast myself," said the landlord. "I was born here in Widdicove, and except for three years in Dorset I've never been out of Devon. Good enough for me. What part of the East Coast would you be going to?"

"Staple-on-Sea," said Mr. Howley.

"STAPLE-ON SEA?" The landlord of the Archer's Arms Hotel opened his eyes wide and looked surprised.

"Don't tell me you know it if you've never been out of Devon," said Mr. Howley.

"No," said the landlord, "but Mr. Pepper's from there and he's sitting through in the private bar now."

"Oho," said Mr. Howley. "Mr. —— what's Pepper? I'll have a word with him. If he's from Staple-on-Sea he may be able to give me a few pointers. I don't know where I'll be staying and half the hotels in the place are likely to be closed."

"How do I pick him out?"

"You can't miss him," said the landlord. "He's reading the local rag. About all he does all day."

Mr. Howley went through into the private bar and found spread out before him the latest issue of the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*, a journal of which Mr. Howley had never heard before in his life.

"Good-day to you," said Mr. Howley.

The Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* went down and a head came up.

"Mr. Pepper from Staple-on-Sea?" said Mr. Howley.

"I don't see how you know," said Mr. Pepper.

"The landlord told me I'd find you reading the local rag," Mr. Howley explained.

"Oh," said Mr. Pepper. And then, looking down at the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* hanging limply from one hand: "You know, I can't imagine why people must call a local paper a *rag*. I wouldn't be without the *Gazette*."

"Really?" said Mr. Howley, taking a seat beside Mr. Pepper and ordering two fresh drinks from the barmaid.

"Little things, but they're salt to me," Mr. Pepper went on. "Such as what's on at the local cinema that I used to go to every week. And who's been pinched for showing a light at night. And the clearance sale at the art pottery shop. And who's got married and who's died. I'd be cut off without the *Gazette*."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Howley. "I'd never looked at it like that. I don't know Staple-on-Sea. I'm going down there for the first time, and I wondered if you could help me."

"Most people," said Mr. Pepper, "are clearing out of Staple-on-Sea. Help you? How?

"I believe half the town's shut up," said Mr. Howley. "Any good hotels left?"

"H'm," said Mr. Pepper, thinking. "Of course, the Monmouth's the *best*, but I think it's closed, or the military have got it, or something. You see, I was the first to come here, and there have been a lot of changes since I left."

"I see," said Mr. Howley.

"YES," Mr. Pepper proceeded, "I was the first. Brought the wife and family to Widdicove three months ago. Then I wrote and told Bryce about it, and he brought his family. And he wrote and told the Hensons and *they* came, and since then they've been coming in droves."

He considered a moment.

"Bryce might be able to help you," he said. "I passed him on my way up. Sitting on a seat at the Memorial Fountain. Why not go along and ask him?"

"I'm afraid I don't know him," said Mr. Howley.

"You'll spot him at once," said Mr. Pepper. "He's reading what you call the local rag."

"I see," said Mr. Howley.

HE went out and along to the Memorial Fountain, where once again he saw the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*, two hands and two legs. Again he spoke. Again the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* went down and a head came up.

"Mr. Bryce?" said Mr. Howley. "Mr. Pepper sent me along."

"But how on earth could you tell?"

"He said I'd find you reading your local rag," Mr. Howley answered.

"Polite, I must say!" smiled Mr. Bryce. "Rag, indeed! I'd rather miss a meal than the *Gazette*. Do you think I could endure this exile without knowing all that's happening to the places and the people I've known all my life?"

"I suppose not," agreed Mr. Howley, taking a seat by Mr. Bryce's side.

Over to Mr. Bryce he handed his problem.

"A good hotel?" said Mr. Bryce.

"Or even decent apartments, if you can recommend them," Mr. Howley amended.

"Plenty," said Mr. Bryce, "if the people are still there. But they've been leaving in crowds. I could put you on to half a dozen tip-top hotels, but I couldn't guarantee you'd find them working.

"The Army have pinched some, I know, and the others may be empty. I mean, when you think of it, there's not much sense in running a seaside hotel on the East Coast, is there? Nobody's taking holidays that way this year."

"No," said Mr. Howley.

"Staple-on-Sea, I believe, changes every week," said Mr. Bryce, "and I've been away for so long. Henson came after me. He might give you some information."

"If I knew him," said Mr. Howley.

"Easy to know him," said Mr. Bryce. "He's sitting on the side of the jetty, reading the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*."

"Is that all you people ever do down here?" asked Mr. Howley.

"Latest issue's come down only this morning," Mr. Bryce explained.

"Oh," said Mr. Howley.

So Mr. Howley went along to the jetty and recognised Mr. Henson by the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*.

And was by Mr. Henson a few minutes later sent on to Mr. Dukes, whom he recognised by the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*.

And so to Mr. Perkins.

And Mr. Groves.

And Mr. Kidd.

Recognising all of them by the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette*.

Coming at last to Mr. Prior. Who had only been down a week.

Mr. Prior folded his Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* and put it in his pocket. Then he looked at his watch.

"I've got to go to the station. If you're coming along," he said.

"I am," said Mr. Howley.

They walked along and Mr. Prior did his best.

"Of course things change hourly in Staple-on-Sea," he said. "I'd say stay at the Roseberry, but the Roseberry's probably put up its shutters by now. I'll tell you what to do. Look up my pal Timson. He's secretary of the Gas Company and *can't* leave Staple-on-Sea. Tell him I sent you and he'll fix you up in a good place."

"Very nice of you," said Mr. Howley.

"Not at all," said Mr. Prior.

They reached the station, and there Mr. Howley found Mr. Kidd and Mr. Groves and Mr. Perkins and Mr. Henson and Mr. Bryce and Mr. Pepper and many another.

"When you're *not* reading the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* do you spend all your time watching the trains go by?" Mr. Howley enquired.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Prior, "we're all waiting for the three o'clock down. We've got twenty or thirty pals coming here from Staple-on-Sea."

"Oh," said Mr. Howley.

AT ten the following morning Mr. Howley sat in the office of Mr. Timson, secretary of the Staple-on-Sea Gas Company.

"Your friend Prior put me on to you," he explained.

"If you'll give me two minutes I'll take you round and show you the sights," Mr. Timson offered.

He sealed an envelope, addressed it, stamped it.

"Just posting my order to the local rag, as it's sometimes called," he said. "I'd be all at sea without the *Gazette* and its news about the people I've known all my life. It's meat and drink to me."

"Do you have to post it?" said Mr. Howley.

"Oh well, you *see*," said Mr. Timson, "so many of the regular readers have left the town lately that the editor and the staff cleared out last night and the Staple-on-Sea *Gazette* will in future be published at Widdicove in Devon."

ORDER OF THE DAY

Make Clothes Last !

Save Fuel !

RINSO NO-BOIL METHOD DOES IT!

Try to make your clothes last one-third longer.

Save as much coal as possible.

These are the Government's requests—our orders of the day for the duration.

The Rinso NO-BOILING method of washing makes it possible to carry out these orders and at the same time free ourselves from the old-fashioned slavery of washday.

There is *no* boiling and *no* hard rubbing with this new method. Clothes are simply *soaked* clean in Rinso suds heated for 15 to 20 minutes. This makes even extra-dirty whites absolutely snowy!

And tests prove that:—

Shirts last 4 months longer; household linen 6 to 8 months longer; overalls from 4 to 12 months longer.

You save half the coal you normally use on washday, or, if you use gas, you save three-quarters of it—an estimated saving for the whole country of 2,000,000 tons of coal annually.

An average wash (50 pieces) can be finished 1½ hours earlier.

Start saving your clothes and fuel, your time and energy next washday by changing to this Rinso way of washing. You will be making a real contribution to national economy.

Rinso keeps woollens soft and fleecy, brings coloureds up brilliant. You need no bar soap, flakes or any other washing product. Rinso does the whole wash unaided. 3½d., 6d., 1/- (Giant size).

WAR-TIME ADVICE FREE!

The makers of Rinso have set up an Advice Department to help women to economise during the war. All the experience of the Rinso Laboratories is at your service. Write to The Director, Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire.

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Ask your local Food Office about cookery demonstrations being held in your district.

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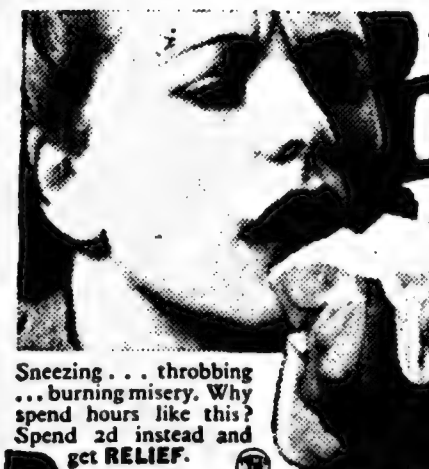

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HAY FEVER ENDED FOR 2D

Yes!—it's true—2d can end that attack of Hay Fever, that throbbing Headache, Neuralgia or Summer Cold or Chill. *Beechams Powders* ACT LIKE MAGIC. Because of their special powder form they are QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results. Why suffer?—Try this remedy to-day. The cost is only 2d—but the relief is PRICELESS!

Sneezing . . . throbbing . . . burning misery. Why spend hours like this? Spend 2d instead and get RELIEF.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 3d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product

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Go for hours without powdering and never have a shiny nose

You can forget your powder-puff for hours on end and yet be certain that shiny nose won't spoil your charm if you use Snowfire Powder Cream. Fine as a summer mist, this fragrant combination of powder and cream cannot clog the tiniest pores. Fresh, smooth, wonderfully 'matt' it clings for hours and hours, out of doors or in. There are six perfectly matched skin tones — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan.

Jars 6d. & 1/3

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SNOWFIRE Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer.

Shock Troops of the Navy

Catapulted from its "nest" on the deck of a warship, this aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm starts on a hazardous reconnaissance flight to do its job as the "eyes of the Fleet." It must return from its long patrol with the unerring instinct of a carrier pigeon.

Sailors with wings, these storm troopers of the Navy patrol the grey ocean wastes, hurtle without fear into the most devastating dive-bombing attacks, and have only a swaying deck to call their floating home.

By MAURICE FAGENCE

ANGER and despair filled the British destroyer when it was realised that the shells were falling short of the Italian cruiser, now almost bursting her turbines in a frenzied effort to escape.

Mussolini had been wise. He knew what sort of fight the Italian Navy was destined to wage when he insisted that the first requisite of Italian warships was speed. Speed, and still more speed.

Through the sea-mists Italian sailors discerned the coast-line of Sicily; felt sure they were safe at last.

But now a speck appeared in the sky, grew in a matter of seconds into the shape of a vicious-looking British naval aircraft. Although shells burst round it, on and on it came.

When it dived almost to water-level, the Italians knew what to expect. You have to be near the surface when you release a torpedo, otherwise the jar of hitting the water dislocates the propelling mechanism of the projectile.

The aircraft flew to within a few hundred yards of the Italian cruiser—essential again, because a fast manœuvring ship can dodge a 60-ft.-a-second torpedo, given time.

A skim of foam through the water, a gigantic roar, and the tiny aircraft had delivered its gift from the British Fleet, in the shape of a 21-in. torpedo, right into the bowels of the ship.

Speed, speed, speed, urged Mussolini. But it hasn't saved them from the Fleet Air Arm, "shock-troops" of the Royal Navy.

His warships have sped for Africa's Tobruk if a wisp of smoke on the horizon has suggested that the British Fleet was about. They have cowered behind the vast semicircular harbour bar there.

The Fleet Air Arm has dived over the bar to torpedo, bomb and machine-gun them.

His submarines have skulked at periscope depth; ten times more afraid to show their noses than U-boat commanders.

Yet lads of the Fleet Air Arm have sent them rolling to the bottom.

Some of Mussolini's naval detachments, hearing that British ships-o'-war are in one part of the Mediterranean, have tried to make a show of bravery six hundred miles away. But now they are even nervous about that.

BRITISH naval aircraft hunt them out, test them with three tons of bombs a minute. Fleet Air Arm units have maintained a grim tattoo of five tons a minute on a German naval base.

No wonder they hope that one day Il Duce will discover a bomb-proof harbour for good Italian sailors.

There are no German airmen doing work comparable with that of the Fleet Air Arm—the youngest Air Force in the world. The infant was born as recently as May of last year.

The United States has such a service—but it hasn't had the test of war.

It is one thing to leave a friendly aerodrome, run the gauntlet of German anti-aircraft batteries, fly back—having a smack at a few Messerschmitts on the way—and then have lights to illumine your path to friendly *terra firma* and an hospitable mess.

The Fleet Air Arm has the same attacks from anti-aircraft guns, from bombers and from fighters—but without the other blessings.

The naval flying man's home is an aircraft carrier, a tiny speck in a wide expanse of sea. His terra firma is a swaying deck.

He sets out at dead of night and does 500 miles on sheer navigational ability, not daring to ask his whereabouts by radio, because any ship that told him would reveal its whereabouts to the enemy.

Round and round he goes in that 500-mile course, always doing reconnaissance work, and sometimes a spot of fighting as well.

Then, whatever his evolutions in a barren sea, devoid of landmarks, he must steer a dead course for that speck he calls home.

Even if naval exigencies have compelled the aircraft carrier to move while he was "away from home," he should be able to spot it.

Yet, as probably a cunning enemy has followed him back, hoping he would reveal a wonderful target, he must not worry if no flashing message comes from the sea.

As well as navigational ability, he must have the patience and fortitude to wait bravely for a sign from the dark sea.

In such a way the Fleet Air Arm daily covers 8,000,000 square miles of often storm-tossed sea—160 times the area of England.

WHEN British destroyers attacked Narvik, the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm had to appear from different directions at a given second. It really was a given second. A two-second error would have endangered the operation.

Although they left aircraft carriers 200 miles away, and took different courses, they arrived over their targets at the second arranged. And did murderous work.

They were told: "The *Richelieu* must never sail again while this war is in progress. She is in harbour at Dakar, off the West Coast of Africa."

You know what happened. They saw to it that France's biggest battleship will never sail for Germany.

Gallant men of the R.A.F. would be the first to tell you that their cousins of the F.A.A. are the most thoroughly trained pilots in the world.

To begin with, they get a full course of ordinary flying, formation flying and gunnery from the R.A.F. Then their naval work begins.

They have to learn how to be catapulted into the air: how to take off from and land on a ship that is trying to stand on end: how to bring a machine equipped with floats down into the water.

You may not believe it, but water is harder than clay. And dances about, which clay can't be persuaded to do. What is more, water is ever-changing. You need a hundred different techniques for "landing" in it.

Next, the pilot must learn to be a complete sailor. When afloat, he must do ordinary's ship's duties. When his craft is on the surface of the sea he must navigate it as a ship—must function as a master of a ship.

He must fly machines that are necessarily far inferior to anything in service with the R.A.F.

They must be given added strength to enable them to withstand the shock of landing on deck or in the sea—and that can only be got at the expense of lightness and manœuvrability.

They must be considerably smaller than machines used from a land base. Even the biggest aircraft carriers would only be able to give ship's space for half a dozen or so big R.A.F. machines.

Seventy and more tiny Fleet Air Arm craft can be housed comfortably in such a parent ship.

There is arm-chair comfort in most of the aeroplanes used from aerodromes.

In aeroplanes catapulted from the decks of warships, pilots are cramped in tiny cockpits, often with no more protection from the stinging nor'-easter than a windscreen as big as a pocket-handkerchief.

It is the same with gunners, radio operators, observers and others in the crews. They must be complete R.A.F. airmen and know their naval flying duties as well. And be sailors into the bargain.

Judge their all-round ability from this.

A young midshipman pilot ran out of petrol. There are no petrol pumps at sea, and he was equipped only for a sea-landing. So he brought his machine down on the ground, "ski-ing" to a standstill on his floats.

Then he scrounged the petrol he wanted, slid off the ground, and got back to his carrier.

JUDGE their doggedness from this.

Dive-bombing German warships in a Norwegian fiord, a Fleet Air Arm machine was hit by anti-aircraft fire. His port petrol tank alight, the pilot dived into the fiord.

Under the noses of the Germans he put out the fire when he had only 20 gallons of petrol left, took off, and made a safe landing alongside a British destroyer.

If you would know about the men as personalities, read this.

An Air Arm pilot brought his machine down in a harbour off the West Coast of Ireland because his engine was in need of repair.

The Eire harbour-master lent him a mechanic, the job was completed, and off he went.

Some hours later Dublin was on the telephone to the harbour-master.

"We understand you have interned a British flying-boat that put down in your harbour," said the Voice of Officialdom.

"Sure, I've done no such thing," sang back the harbour-master. "They've flown away. I couldn't think of being neutral against young men so charming."

Charming? Forgive Mussolini if he fails to agree.

He is known to have ear-marked some four hundred of his best machines to keep a special watch on the hornets of the Royal Navy.

He can little afford to spare them with Libya, Abyssinia, and Italy itself continually under fire from our R.A.F.

He realises that even the Royal Italian Navy can't run fast enough to escape the grasp of the Fleet Air Arm.

Turkey's Grip on the Balkans

PROBLEM of the hour is Turkey. Her Prime Minister has recently exposed Nazi intrigues in the Near East. Her Parliament has reiterated her pledge to remain Britain's ally.

But will she take part in the war?

Some fear that her alliance with Russia, and Russia's nominal alliance with Germany, will keep her fierce warriors resting on their arms.

Others think that her statesmen, though eager to continue their task of rebuilding Turkey in peace, will eventually be forced into the conflict by hatred of Italian aims.

An answer to this complicated question is offered by an observer—just back from the Balkans.

* * *

He is Harry Gregson, whose recent series of JOHN BULL articles on the Mediterranean countries will be remembered by our readers.

Gregson's book, "Buffer States of the Balkans" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), should encourage many persons who have been puzzled by Turkey's cautious attitude.

He bids them remember first that Turkey is the strongest Balkan State—in the military, political and geographical senses.

She can put a million men into the field at a moment's notice, with 2,500,000 in reserve. She bars the road of aggression to British and French oilfields.

She is "the nightmare of Berlin-Baghdad dreams." By a masterpiece of diplomacy, London has made her our trusted friend.

Hitler has offended the Turks.

Turks fear his entry into the Balkans, and would not tolerate it. And they want to play their part in the struggle for human freedom—even though their form of government is sometimes described as dictatorial.

* * *

Why, then, do their leaders hold them back? Here is Gregson's explanation:

"When Turkey has 3,000 warplanes and 10,000 pilots, she can go to war confident of speedy victory.

"Then, to use the words to me of a Turkish friend: 'There will be no need to shout. Turkey will be in the war and kill her enemies without any noise.'"

And Turkey is preparing.

The Last Laugh

NOVELIST (Fulham).—"My work will be recognised when I'm dead and gone." Well, you'll be safe then.

E. B. (Yorkshire).—"Owing to the shortage of guns and cartridges, grouse will be in clover this year." But more often in heather, surely.

F. N. (Claygate).—"My new patent-lighter is just as good after immersion in water as before." Unfortunately, ours has always been like that.

S. M. (Bursiem).—"All you need in order to grow autumn carrots is a small quantity of seed, some cheap fertiliser and a little patience." What about a bit of garden?

S. S. (Barnet).—"I once saw an elephant fill his trunk with water from a pond and put out a fire." We must be content with the more prosaic stirrup-pump.

D. B. (Cheam).—"People who have a mania for collecting things are apt to get on one's nerves." Yes, but what's the use of telling the local rate collector that?

D. C. (Oxford).—"Does the new Government Order prohibit the flying of all kites?" That's a question that is troubling certain politicians.

REPORTER (West Coast).—"My editor has sent me down here to write about what women are wearing in war time at the seaside. What can I say?" Next to nothing.

PTE. H. (Aldershot).—"In the Army, climatic conditions do not interfere with any form of sport." Still, we should just love to see our old sergeant-major trying to put the red during an earthquake.

D. A. (Sutton).—"I was at the point of drowning when a stranger jumped into the river and rescued me half dead. I gave the man £5." You overpaid him £2 10s. if you were half dead.

E. L. (Frome).—"I am told that German parachute troops are not as keen as they used to be." They can't get over the jumps!

W. P. (Kensington).—"At last I am a success in life. What do you think I am going to do now that I have found my feet?" Lose your head.

LINGUIST (Devonport).—"'Give me pills' is a phrase in English in a phrase-book issued to the German Army." Well, we have always known that the Germans never like a taste of their own medicine.

SCHOOLMASTER (London).—"We are anxious to reduce the number of children in our class-rooms." No doubt many small boys will be quite willing to stay away.

R. L. (Luton).—"Britain is preparing night and day to resist invasion." The interminable task of painting out Welsh railway station names continues to its inevitable end.

DISGUSTED (Wandsworth).—"What would you do if you went to bed dog-tired and your neighbour put his wireless on full blast at seven in the morning?" Wake up.

B. G. (Street).—"I told my wife I was going to give some of my old shirts to charity, and she said she would sew the buttons on before I sent them off." Of course, that's one way of getting it done.

MRS. R. (Lincoln).—"Before we were married he said he would face death for me, but now, just because we are a few weeks in arrears, he won't even face the landlord." But the landlord isn't dead.

A. R. (Sheffield).—"A friend of mine, always a heavy drinker, has recently acquired the strange habit of closing his eyes whenever he puts a glass to his lips." Perhaps the doctor has told him he mustn't look at alcohol.

A. R. (Morden).—"When I called to see you the other day, were you trying to show your contempt for me?" No, to hide it.

G. H. (Bray).—"I kissed her when she wasn't looking." And then she shut her eyes until it was time for you to go?

R. A. (Rye).—"I might tell you that I am one of the finest artists of the age." Frankly, we don't care if you tell us or not!

OSCAR (Truro).—"I never know what to do when I go out to bat at cricket, so I just shut my eyes and lash at the ball." That's one way out!

B. S. (London).—"To my astonishment I find that my son has owed his tailor for a suit for three years." Introduce us to that tailor, will you?—we'd like to get a suit on the same terms.

GINGER (Leeds).—"Although the grocer gave me the job a week ago, he's still got the notice 'Smart Lad Wanted' hanging up in his window." Perhaps he hasn't given up hope yet!

H. G. (Wareham).—"There's no patience nowadays. People should learn to wait, for everything comes to those who wait." That's right. Rich people have ice in the hot weather, but poor folk have to wait for it until the winter.

OLD BILL By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What's worryin' me, mate, is that p'raps 'itler will pull some dirty trick like not invadin' us."

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—"Trying his luck in the Canal, H. R—— was REWORDED with a REACH of 1 lb. 9¼ oz."

THE WEEKLY IRISH TIMES:—"Owing to having our space CURTAINED . . . ."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"Three people were killed and twelve wounded at Genoa on Friday by shells from enemy NEWS AGENCY."

THE STAR:—"He went to the West End to get some SAND-SANDWICHES and thought he had authority to use the car."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"The Y.M.C.A. Canteen deserved all that could be done to help it because it was doing a wonderful work for the HEN in the Forces."

REYNOLDS NEWS:—". . . the black man rules the fighting ROAST in America."

NEW HOPE for you who are
TIRED, RUNDOWN, WEAK, NERVOUS...
You too can have NEW Health NEW Strength Steady Nerves Fresh Vitality!

Why are you weak, rundown, nervous? Simply because your system lacks sufficient Minerals and Food Iodine. Replace these lost elements—remineralise your system—and your troubles are ended. Thousands have been amazed at this easy, simple way back to health, strength and vitality.

VIKELP gives you just those essential Minerals. Made from a Pacific Ocean plant—the world's richest source of these life-giving elements—it contains in natural form **Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur**—in fact 9 of the 12 essential minerals, as well as **Food Iodine.** And the Vitamins, too—especially an abundance of the important **Vitamin B.** ALL the elements so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself—come to you in VIKELP.

Start nourishing your system with VIKELP brand Tablets today. Note the unmistakable results. Gradually you build up. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You become vigorous, vital, alert. New energy, new strength, surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

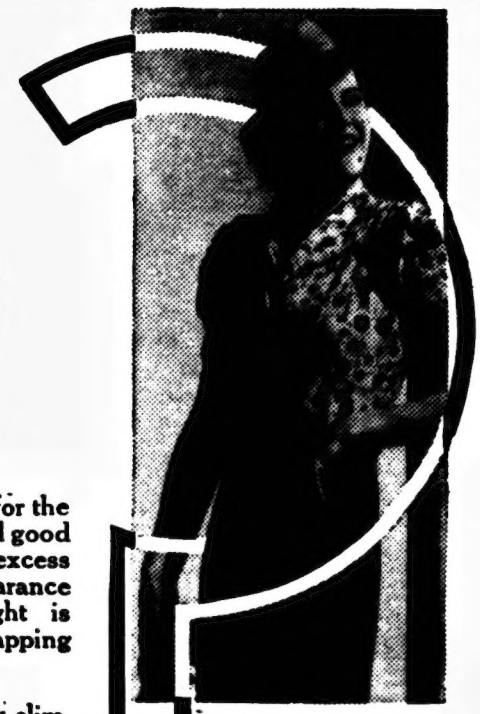
FREE!

Send today for free (and post free) Handsome Handy Pocket Container for Vikelp Tablets. Also 56-page book "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Address your envelope (1d. stamp) to HEALTH PRODUCTS LABORATORIES LTD., Dept. J.B.6, 128/132 BAKER STREET, W.1.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Why is it Healthy to be SLIM



LIFE can be very difficult for the woman whose youth and good looks are overshadowed by excess fat. Apart from her appearance this "putting-on" of weight is imperilling her health and sapping her vitality.

You can become healthily slim, as she did, without drastic dieting or tiresome exercise if you take Bile Beans—just a couple nightly before getting into bed. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself and soon you'll notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

So 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans—for health, fitness and looks.

"Now I've found the secret of keeping healthily slim, never again will I be without Bile Beans. They have saved me hours of weary exercising and reduced my weight by thirteen pounds. I never felt so fit and well as I do to-day." Mrs. E. F., Whitley Bay.

"Bile Beans safely removed my unwanted fat and made my figure slim and youthful again. I never remember feeling so well since I started with Bile Beans." Mrs. C. H., London, N.W.9.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

The Sure Way to Health And Slenderness

"Why I use New VEET to remove hair"

★ **New 'Veet'** ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

★ **New 'Veet'** leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.

★ **New 'Veet'** is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.

★ **New 'Veet'** *weakens growth*—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser.

FREE Any woman reader can obtain a generous trial tube of New Veet absolutely free. Send 3d. in stamps for postage, packing, etc. Dee Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 387), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

Over 1859 Readers received Prizes this Week-YOU, too, can be a Winner!

£100 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1228

A. SMITH, 2, Waltham Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees (G.S.).

Example: WE MUST HAVE

Bullet: *Single* "HEART" — *Trebled* "ARMS."

Second Prize, £20: Mrs. J. C. Selleck, [illegible] Wotter, Plymouth. **Shook For** [illegible] "German Band" **Managing** [illegible] "Barrel-organ."

Third Prize, £10: J. M. Greenlaw, 11, [illegible], Edinburgh. **Faith's Fortress—** [illegible] "Word" **Gains Entrance. £9:** A. H. [illegible], Carpenters Lane, Hadlow, Tonbridge. **We Must Have—Guns—"Bang" Go Holidays! £8:** G. D. Burcher, 8, Nicholls [illegible], Hillingdon, Middx. **At Britain's Gates—Sea.** The *Unchanging* "Guard." **£7:** A. [illegible], 36, First Avenue, Amersham, Bucks. **To Beat Hitler—Biggest "Stick." "Stick It!" £6:** Mrs. F. Bates, 330, Canterbury Street, [illegible], Kent. **The Sleeper Awoke And—"Warbling Note," Neighbour's Radio! £5:** G. Goodall, Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, Perthshire. **Slave To Tradition—Britain—But *Brave* Tradition. £4:** M. Timmons, 33, Chestnut Drive, [illegible], Cas. (G.S.). **To Give Hitler—"Lesson," Less' "Mistress" Preparing. £3:** E. J. [illegible], Stimbridge, Glos. **To Help Hitler—Simply "Do Nothing"!**

FIVE PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

N. Asquith, 102, Westfield Lane, Wyke, Bradford. **Good News—Hamburg *Off* Air "Broadcasts."** D. W. Gardiner, 36, Stephen Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn. **In Grandpa's Squad—Broomsticks — Shot-gun — Musket — *Harpoon*!** F. Kennaford, 305, Ditchling Road, Brighton. **Way To Go—Our *Outposts* Showing Invaders!** E. A. Scott, Langford Road, Burley-in-Wharfedale. **Panic In The Italian—Battleship, *British Tracer* Sighted! Lieut. R. F. Sproule, No. 3** [illegible] A.M.P. Corps, Somewhere-in-Britain (G.S.). **To The Last—Nazi Gasp, Navy's Grasp.**

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE for H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for *Bullets* and Crosswords at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRITAIN'S AT WAR, BUT
WINSTON WANTS
TO REPEL THE INVADER
LIGHT OF LIBERTY
DARKNESS FELL AND
BEHIND THE BARRICADES
OUR FRIENDS | DISMAL JIMMY
SLAVES | WON'T STOP
ABSURD | SHOWS COURAGE
READY FOR ANYTHING
WIFEY'S ON MUNITIONS, SO
MECHANISED WARFARE
DANGEROUS MAN
WHEN THE RAIDERS COME
BLOW AFTER BLOW
IN FRANCE TO-DAY
LAND OF OUR FATHERS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SPEEDING TO .....
FOOD FOR .....
FREE .....
ABOVE .....
FOOLISH .....
HER LITTLE .....

ENTRY-FEE

Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules), or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1 —for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,232, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

"BULLETS" PRIZES value over £200 1st PRIZE £100 ONE WEEK ONLY £20 £10

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/- 75/- 70/- 65/- 60/- 55/- 50/- 45/- 40/- 25 of 10/-

200 Surprise Awards [illegible] value 5/- 1,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

ONE WEEK ONLY — I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....
"BULLETS" 1,232
Closing Postmark SAT., AUG. 3.

FREE "BULLETS" — You may enter [illegible] "Bullets" on plain paper if [illegible] fully completed above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE —Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" OR SQUARE ENTERED.

WIN a LIFE INCOME and INCREASED CASH for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

WIN £30 MONTHLY for LIFE PLUS £50 CASH NEST-EGG

1 FIRST — £50 CASH

PENSION and CASH for John Bull X-Words — £25 — 10 RUNNERS-UP — UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for the RUNNERS-UP

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to reach postmark of not later than Saturday, August 3.

Entry fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudicator.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

Competition decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" issue Thursday, August 15; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

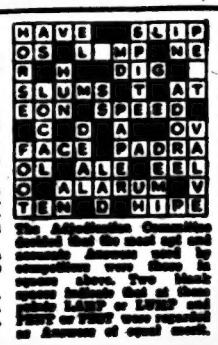
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 213, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Bullying foreman will probably be careful how he treats man showing marked superiority in this
2. Man doesn't worry overmuch about cutting this when his one object is escaping from enemy
4. Is very apt to snap when strain is great
8. Valuable indeed, if worth weight in gold
10. Easily destroyed by fire due to incendiary bomb
11. Small one won't deter pilot who means to land in field
12. Attack of the jitters is apt to make average chap feel like one
14. Clumsy darning might make it look worse than before
16. Cabinet may well be very difficult to

DOWN CLUES

1. It's unlikely one would eat just before going in for a dip
2. One of food would be welcomed by those in charge of hungry kiddies
3. Destroyer may possibly be sunk by a small one
6. Painter should think of others when he's in this
7. These should be freely given as a help to the war effort
8. Mahogany is quite a hard one
9. Lever may be controlled by
13. There's no getting away from a real policeman's
14. When listening-in you wouldn't like speaker making a lot of
15. A good one will probably have some features to interest cyclists or hikers



WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 210.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 210, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one [illegible] right) were the following six competitors:—

R. ASQUITH, 102, Westfield Lane, Wyke, Bradford; J. DEARDEN, 98, Bassell Rd., Littleborough, Lancs.; J. B. CARTER, 51, Frederick Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham; J. O'BRIEN, RM Fus., Plymouth; E. Yorks; F. PRINCE, 11, Lynwood Cres., Renfrew, Scotland; Mrs. L. G. YATES, Derwent, Johnstone, Renfrew.

These six competitors share the First Prize of £150, and a cheque for £25 will be sent to each.

The Award of £25 to Runners-up has been divided between 113 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 4s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 500 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS—1. Have. 5. Slip. 6. Lamp or Lamb. 7. Bib. 8. Speed. 13. Pace. 15. Tee. 16. Idea. DOWN—1. Knee. 2. Split. 3. Foot or Feet. 4. Hen. 5. Loud. 10. Paper. 11. Deal. 12. Valve. 15. Fee. 16. Lad.

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

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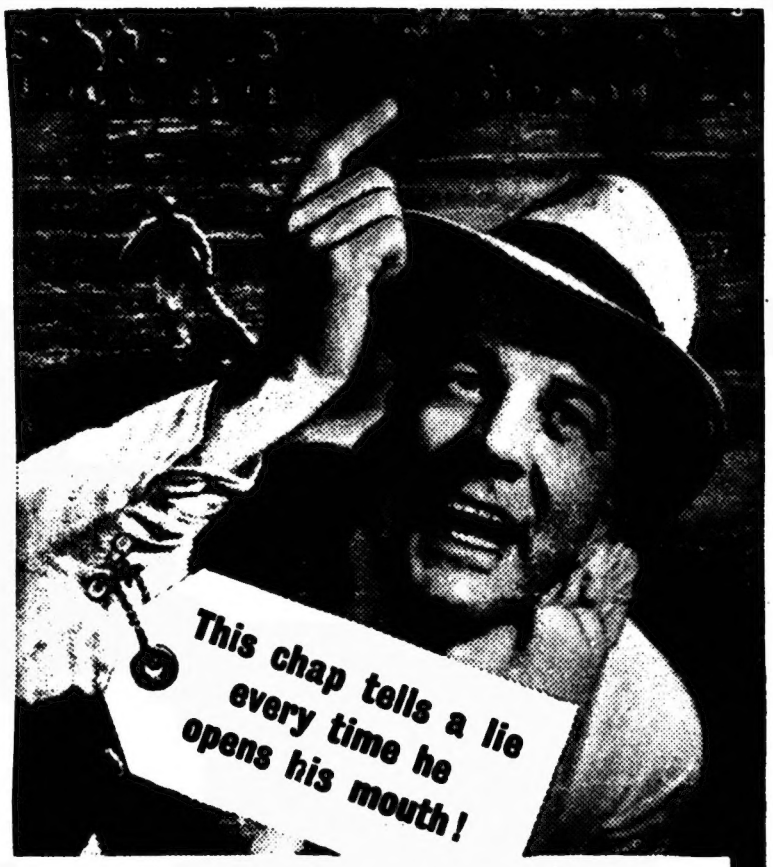

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